

[by John Barum]



IRENE GREENE OWEN ANDREWS





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THE
ANGLO-IRISH
OF
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

VOL. I.

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THE
ANGLO-IRISH
OF
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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VOL. I.

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THE ANGLO-IRISH.

CHAPTER I.

THE following appeared among the notices of "Deaths" in a London Magazine for 18—.

"At his mansion in Grosvenor-square, the Viscount Clangore, aged forty-six. His Lordship was only son of the late Viscount. Partly through his co-operation in Ireland with a highly-gifted fellow-countryman, now ennobled, and almost at the head of the English Cabinet, his Lordship became at an early age a distinguished Irish politician. The statesman alluded to delivered to the Irish House of Commons, in his twenty-second year, his remarkable oration, supporting Ireland's claim to trade with India on free principles: Lord Clangore's maiden speech in the Irish House of

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Lords, at little more than the same age, immediately and ably seconded him; and from this circumstance may be dated the political alliance between both, now dissolved only by the lamented demise of his Lordship.

“When experience of the dangerous tendency of Irish sentiments in favour of the pernicious principles of the French Revolution, soon after convinced the youthful commoner that he had erred in enlisting himself in the ranks of those who were called popular orators; and when, in consequence, he appeared, in 1795, as a zealous supporter of Lord Camden’s Irish Government, his noble admirer, the subject of our obituary, did not long hesitate to give proofs of a similar correction of opinion.

“Indeed, Lord Clangore was one of the few of his countrymen who, in the almost boyish *debut* of the aspirant, discovered the promise of that ability and wisdom which have since wielded, with consummate power and address, the destinies of Europe; and, although having the advantage in rank, and, by a few years, in age, of the object of his sagacious interest, his Lordship may be said to have even then deferred to the commanding intellect, that he

foresaw needed only the countenance of the high and influential, to confer on all his Majesty's subjects of Great Britain, as well as of Ireland, solid advantages and unrivalled glory.

“ Realizing his Lordship's views, the Honourable Mr. Stewart quickly obtained a seat in the Irish Cabinet, and during the succession of difficulties which the young Minister had to encounter, from the Irish Rebellion of 1798, down to the felicitous moment when he effected the Legislative Union between his native country and Great Britain, he found no political friend more faithful, and few more valuable, than Lord Clangore. The firm course pursued by His Majesty's Vice-regal administration, in suppressing the ill-judged insurrection alluded to, is sufficiently well known; but it was his Lordship's fate, in conjunction with his distinguished *protégé*, to have his motives on that occasion somewhat misrepresented. Of the cruelties which marked the times, both are charged with having being the instigators. But surely a minister or his friends are not accountable for all the excesses that characterise civil warfare. Besides, the minister was then, as will be recollected, very young; and as well might he have hoped to still the tempest with his voice, as to have

assuaged the vengeance and violence of either party.

“ Of the share which his Lordship had in effecting the Irish Union, he might safely boast as the most important event of his public life. The soundness and excellence of his private as well as political character, are evinced in his unchangeable attachment, through good and ill, to the fortunes of his now illustrious survivor. After the transit of that eminent individual from the Irish to the United Parliament, and (in consequence of his able support of Mr. Pitt) after his nomination, in 1805, to the British Cabinet, the Viscount Clangore shared with him all the ministerial fluctuations for which the two ensuing years were remarkable; until, in 1807, on the retirement of the Grey and Grenville administration, his Lordship had the gratification to see him created Minister of War; and finally, notwithstanding a renewed deprivation of office, to witness, upon the lamented death of Mr. Perceval in 1812, the elevation of the object of his early patronage, and we may add, good augury, to the high office he at present fills with so much honour to himself, and triumph to these favoured islands.

“ In the difference, and consequent duel, be-

tween the now great minister and Mr. Canning, still fresh in the public mind, it may be added, as an evidence of the personal friendship of the former towards his noble countryman, that, through the progress of that interesting event, Lord Clangore's judgment was not unconsulted. But perhaps, the strongest proof of this friendship is to be stated. Conjointly with a personage almost equally illustrious, though in a different career, as also with a near relative of the late Viscount, residing in Ireland, the most successful minister England ever saw, has accepted the guardianship of Lord Clangore's children, two sons and a daughter, now, by their father's death, left without the care of a parent; their noble mother having died in 18—, as a reference to our number for the month of ——— in that year will show.

“Although possessing heraldic claims as strong perhaps, if they were defined, as many Anglo-Irish families, the Viscount Clangore evinced, during his useful life, little anxiety for a proved and emblazoned pedigree of any great extent, willing to rest his ancestral pride chiefly upon the successful bravery, in Ireland, of a soldier of the Commonwealth, who, after the Restoration, had confirmed to him the con-

fiscated Irish property won by his courage and talents from the crimes and turbulence of the natives, and from the admiration and gratitude of the Protector. Similar good services rendered by the immediate successor of this distinguished individual to William III. during that monarch's campaigns against the mere Irish abettors of his infatuated father-in-law, ennobled the family. The late Viscount's efficient support of His Majesty's Government, as well in England as in Ireland, enabled him to add to his patrimonial inheritance a considerable estate, purchased in this country; and fame informs us, that his Lordship's advance in the peerage could only have been checked by the melancholy event which it is our painful duty to record."

IN a short time after the appearance of this obituary, measures were taken by the guardians of the late Viscount's children, to make an arrangement for their future career and happiness. The eldest son, in his nineteenth year, and the second, a boy of fourteen, had been summoned, immediately upon their father's death, which was unexpected, to the town house

of a maternal relation, the one from Cambridge, the other from Westminster, to attend, after a proper season of retirement, a consultation of their legal parents. Their sister, about thirteen, could not safely join them. Nursed by the lady of the third guardian named in Lord Clangore's will, she was residing, at the recommendation of a medical authority, on the coast of Devonshire ; and, especially upon such an occasion, it seemed injudicious to remove her to London.

The husband of her present protectress was a second cousin of the noble testator, whom in early youth the Viscount had noticed, but who, within the last eventful ten years, had gradually slipped out of the list of his Lordship's intimate acquaintances : perhaps, having lived since the Irish Union in different countries, this circumstance was as much the result of chance as of intention on the part of either. Lord Clangore never admitted that the fact of Mr. Knightly having voted in the Irish House of Commons against the measure, which thus separated them, changed his private feelings towards his old friend ; and although their personal intercourse soon ended, and few letters passed between the resident Irish squire and the absent Anglo-

Irish nobleman, Mr. Knightly, on his part, seldom missed any opportunity of promoting, in a neighbourly way, the Viscount's local Irish interests.

Soon after the decease of Lady Clangore, her only daughter showed symptoms of the national malady which had hurried herself out of the world, and was ordered to remove, under the care of an affectionate nurse, from a London atmosphere. The afflicted father, scarce able to snatch from official labour as much time as was necessary for considering the subject, looked round in vain, amongst the few English connexions he had made by his marriage, in the hope of selecting an individual at once competent and willing to protect and comfort his child in the salutary exile to which she was doomed. In his dilemma he recollected that in the person of Knightly's wife, whose domestic character, even at an early age, he had remarked, there appeared one eminently fitted (could she temporarily forego the superintendence of her own family) to undertake the task; and, deciding to make the trial, he wrote to his old acquaintance. Knightly answered the letter by a visit, for the first time in his life, to London, accompanied by his lady; the next day, Lady

Augusta Blount proceeded to Devonshire under Mrs. Knightly's protection ; and the next, notwithstanding the persuasions of the grateful father to lengthen his stay in Grosvenor Square, Knightly himself bustled back to Ireland.

Lord Clangore, somewhat piqued at the abruptness of his Irish cousin, almost regretted that he had accepted such an obligation at Mr. Knightly's hands. He was grateful for the act, but not conciliated by the method of doing it. "'Tis the thing, but 'tis not the manner of the thing," soliloquized his Lordship. And he proceeded to reflect, that either Knightly was much changed for the worse, since their parting in 1800, or that, remaining stationary as Lord Clangore had left him, the improved ideas of manner and character, which the Viscount had gradually acquired in English society, now laid open to detection many disagreeable peculiarities of the thorough Irish squire. Willing, however, to manifest a continued sense of gratitude, he wrote, during the course of the ensuing year, while Lady Augusta still remained in Devonshire, several letters to Knightly, pressing him to re-visit London, and also to name in what way an influential friend could promote his welfare. But to some

of these letters Mr. Knightly returned hasty and brief refusals of all the honours intended for him, and others he left unanswered.

Lord Clangore felt, not without reason, increased chagrin, and would have removed his daughter from Mrs. Knightly's care, if Lady Augusta's strong and quickly formed affection for her nurse had permitted the measure.

But to his sons he failed not to criticise, as it justly seemed to merit, this (as he called it) mere Irish pride; intemperately, and, perhaps, enviously cherished, and clownishly expressed. From their infancy, it had been his study to impress upon his children the necessity of embracing all that the superior country proposed for adoption; and in the abrupt conduct of their Irish relative, appeared new and practical reasons why they should avoid imitating a secondary standard of propriety.

Fully agreeing with their parent, and, perhaps, even going beyond his views on the subject, his two sons could feel little less than personal indifference to Knightly, if not dislike of that gentleman. It was, therefore, with much surprise that they learned the name of the third guardian appointed, by Lord Clangore's will, to preside over their minority. Mental

weakness, the accompaniment of sudden and increasing malady, alone seemed to account for the appointing to such a trust a person for whom they knew his Lordship to have entertained no respect, and, notwithstanding an early friendship, scarce any esteem. To unite in common authority with a prime minister, and one of the first generals of his age, a rugged country-gentleman from the wilds of Ireland, also seemed very grotesque; and in fact, the young Viscount and his brother, the Honourable Gerald Blount, awaited in no favourable anticipations the official meeting with their yet unseen cousin.

Mr. Knightly, though speedily apprised of Lord Clangore's death, repaired on no mission of condolence to London. A formal intimation of the day appointed for the consultation of all the guardians seemed necessary to force him out of his beloved Ireland. Even when that was sent in time to allow of a leisurely journey, and some days to spare before the conference, his non-appearance, almost on the eve of the appointed morning, caused some annoyance, and created a very unfavourable impression. Just saving his distance, however, separate notes addressed to his brother-guardians, and to his

noble young kinsmen, late on the very last evening, when he could not, without glaring impropriety, have continued silent, announced his arrival in town "at the Saracen's Head, Snowhill;" and farther, requested information as to the exact hour, next day, appointed for his appearance in St. James's Square; for there, at the mansion of the minister, he was to present himself. His wards allowed his notes to remain unanswered; and indeed his whole correspondence was recognized only by a line of studied official politeness from the Minister's private secretary, expressive of the pleasure with which he would be received, at nine o'clock the ensuing morning, when all parties concerned in the business in hand were expected to meet at breakfast.

Nine o'clock the ensuing morning was striking by the splendid timepiece over the mantel of the Minister's library; and he, the next-named guardian, General Sir Robert Flood, and the brothers, Lord Clangore and the Honourable Gerald Blount, stood listening for the breaking-up of the aristocratic silence of the Square abroad, by the expected rattle of Mr. Knightly's carriage; but no such sound

met their ears. Ere the silvery strokes had completed the prescribed number, the fine and bland face of the now ennobled statesman turned to the bronzed visage of his gallant countryman, and during the glance which they interchanged, a smile of mild contempt of the obscure person who could break such an appointment, escaped the one, and a slight quick frown the other. The eyes of the young brothers also met; Lord Clangore, from his superior years, exhibiting for the schoolboy's response the displeasure he took no pains to conceal.

But, as has been said, this happened *whilst* the hour was striking, and, such are the chances of life, proved, by a second or two, an anticipation: for, almost simultaneously with the ninth stroke of the timepiece, although no rattling wheels or clattering hoofs—(St. James's Square was not macadamized then)—had heralded his approach, a kind of postman's double-knock smote the hall-door, and presently a footman, magnificently liveried, ushered into the library, by the name of Knightly, a strong and square-built person, about the middle stature, having a broad-featured, horny face, and a dark small

eye, wearing his coal-black hair smoothed down over his forehead, a brown surtout, although it was a warm April-day, half-buttoned over a bright blue coat, and smiling and carrying his hat protectingly in his hand.

CHAPTER II.

OF the persons of this scene the schoolboy is my hero, and I shall therefore transcribe his impressions of it.

Gerald, then, at the mere appearance of his third-named guardian, painfully felt the contrast between his unfashionable, though respectable dress and mien, and the tall figure of the Minister, clad in a silken and richly-flowered morning-gown, as, advancing a step, he gracefully returned the loose, abrupt bow of Mr. Knightly. The frank military politeness of Sir Robert Flood, and the air of his straight person, neatly expressed in a blue undress frock, braided and buttoned up to his chin, produced another contrast, as he and Knightly greeted each other, equally unfavourable to the Irish squire. In turn, the visitor was named to Lord Clangore, and Gerald noticed the bare civility of his brother's recognition. In some surprise, however, he remarked the final issue of their meeting.

Knightly, after his second butting bow to the General, turned quickly, with outstretched hand, and some modification of his set smile, to his titled ward ; the young nobleman all but stepped back, and not withdrawing his eyes from the other's face, as if to form a reason for not seeing his hand, just inclined his chin towards his breast, whereat Mr. Knightly checked himself, looked askance, tried to imitate the polite nod, new-fashioned to him, with which he was received, — and, during the attempt, Gerald thought that a slight but bitter smile darted out of the corners of his mouth and of his half-closed lids. Could this uncouth gentleman feel, or rather affect to feel, any unbecoming sentiment towards Gerald's brother ? But he was not able to conclude his mental question, when the subject of it suddenly wheeled round upon himself, and, not waiting for formal presentation to the schoolboy, or giving him time to stand on his guard, plunged on both his hands, and, with strong and overcharged language, expressed his joy at seeing him.

All proceeded to the breakfast parlour, Mr. Knightly still keeping firm hold of his new hat ; and, ere he would occupy the chair pointed out to him, he bethought himself of walking quickly

across the room, and depositing it on a side-table. As he returned to his chair, a servant, removing it to the hall, called from him a questioning glance; and though, at length, he seated himself quietly, and with somewhat of the self-possession of a gentleman, Gerald smiled to observe the grave scrutiny with which he peered at (so Gerald thought) the flame lighted under a richly-embossed chocolate-pot.

“Peter Bell,” whispered Lord Clangore to his brother, who sat close by him; “he carries all the out-of-doors character of Peter in his face; and has he tied his ass to the railings?”

“Caliban,” answered Gerald, “the marks of his talons are on my hands.”

“Observe him now, Gerald,” as Mr. Knightly took a steady survey of the dishes round the table; “attend, and you may see

‘The longings of the Cannibal arise,
Although he speaks not, in his wolfish eyes.’”

And allowing for some poetical license, the quotation seemed not misapplied. After declining, but not till he caused his host to repeat its name, to be helped to Perigord-pie, Mr. Knightly demanded what was a round, encrusted, disguised something, in the middle of

the board. At the answer "smoked tongue," his countenance brightened, and he zealously put in his claim for some to the General, and at the same time plied Lord Clangore, who presided over a pair of cold fowls. And over and over again he would be helped to both together; and between his pauses, having tea to his hand, cup after cup slaked his insatiate thirst—it was prodigious. Once he seemed to relax, and an attendant motioned to change his plate; but the sudden way in which Mr. Knightly seized, and, with an earnest "beg your pardon,"—detained it, smiling to himself all the time, startled and amused, at once, the two junior spectators.

Catching Gerald's eye during his serious occupation, Mr. Knightly smiled more expressively than ever, and seemed to think there might exist some slight necessity for palliation. "Ay, my honourable young cousin," he said, "when you come to see us in Ireland, this is the way we'll teach you to breakfast: first teaching you that a couple of hours' walk before hand is indispensable in the case: I have just been rambling over Primrose Hill as far as Highgate."

"My brother thanks you, Sir," said Lord

Clangore, after exchanging a glance with Gerald, “and *when* he goes to see you in Ireland, will most gladly become your pupil.”

Gerald, not quite so fully possessed with a feeling of equality towards men of matured years as was his Lordship, feared this irony might prove too strong; he comforted himself, however, with the hope that it would not be understood; and, indeed, the quiet “You are very good, my Lord,” with which Mr. Knightly replied, set him at ease.

“Over Primrose-hill, and on to Highgate!” said the Minister, smiling: “indeed, Mr. Knightly, you astound us poor cockneys.”

“I fear so, my Lord; but Irish mountaineers will follow their old habits.”

“No doubt,” said Sir Robert. “Are they getting any quieter, Mr. Knightly?”

It was a quick turn of the conversation, yet Mr. Knightly’s “No, indeed, General,” showed that he accepted it quite in course.

“Unhappy, misguided creatures,” continued Sir Robert.

“Unhappy, misguided creatures,” assented Mr. Knightly, much in earnest.

“And when *will* they grow quiet, Sir?”

“When, indeed, General?”

“What with White-boys and Right-boys, United-men, Shanavests, Caravats, Threshers, Carders, and now, Rockites, I believe, all I have heard or read of them since I left the country, shows that the old people of Ireland never can be peaceable so long as they remain what they are.”

“Plainly shows it, Sir Robert.”

“The mass of our half-countrymen are certainly difficult to govern,” said the Minister; “I fear, they may be said to give His Majesty’s Councils as much continued, though petty trouble, as any people who are, or have been, our declared enemies.”

“And I fear so, too, my Lord.”

“And ’tis a problem they should, Mr. Knightly;—for whether we consider their long experience of the Government and of the laws of England; or their necessitous knowledge of their own level in the scale of nations; or their constant opportunities to grow wiser, by observing the course pursued by other people, and especially by their neighbours, towards happiness and prosperity; in fact, in whatever way we balance the question, we are unable to forge it into any tangible solution capable of being

comprehended according to the rules of cause and effect."

Here may be detected instances of the rather infelicitous clash of imagery that occasionally marked his Lordship's language; without depriving it, however, of the power of persuading or convincing, which it is well known to have possessed, and in which few were his rivals.

"One is sometimes thrown," said Mr. Knightly, "upon the unphilosophical supposition that would attribute to an ill-organized nature, their restlessness—to use no harder word, my Lord."

"Their turbulence, their ferocity, Sir," resumed Sir Robert Flood: "their thirst of human life;—and there, Sir, I *have* used your harder word, though you will not call it too hard, after all."

"Not a bit too hard, Sir Robert."

"And in Heaven's name, Mr. Knightly, resuming my former question, when are we to witness any abatement of excesses, which refuse peace, nay, even personal security, to such English capitalists, or English gentlemen, or Irish gentlemen of English descent, as may think of settling in the country?"

"I suppose you to ask, General, if atrocities

are becoming less frequent, and I answer, no. It was but a few nights before I began my journey to England, that, only three miles from my own house, an industrious Scotchman, who had recently taken a large farm, fell a victim, along with two of his servants, to the savage vengeance of Captain Rock's desperadoes."

"And yet you live in Ireland, Sir!"

"Why, Sir Robert," smiling apologetically, "one must live where one can. Perhaps if I lived in your affluent and luxurious England, along with my half-dozen of raw-boned sons, and my seven or eight gadding daughters, I could not well manage my small means for living at all; and so, as in the hope of advantage, the East-Indiaman braves the Cape, and the caravan the Desert, I must brave—no—not brave—that wouldn't do—but I must take my chance against Captain Rock."

"It is, however, to be hoped," resumed the Minister, "that when the important measure of Union, as yet but nominally effected between the two countries, shall have fully come into operation, there will begin, in Ireland, a change of character, which must speedily repay us for the season of turmoil we now endure, and which

will show itself as much the result of a well-squared dove-tailing with England, taking root during a necessary previous time, as the present sad state of things may be said to flow from a want of that close and kindly interweaving between the two people."

"If your Lordship means that Ireland will never be quiet, or prosperous, or worth living in, until English views, interests, industry—English character, in fact—take place of the views, interests, and indolence, instead of industry—which confer *its* present character—then I agree with your Lordship," said the General.

"In detail, Sir Robert, I meant that."

"In a word, until the great majority of the population cease to be merely Irish, and become, like the only portion of it who are now respectable, intelligent—ay, or civilized,—English-Irish," continued Sir Robert.

"Well, and my meaning allows of that construction too," assented the Minister. "Yes; I like your word, Sir Robert; it defines almost to a point what I might admit to have been my own previous opinion: yes, *my* first cure for the evils of Ireland, certainly would be to make all her people English-Irish."

“And it would be *my* first cure too,” observed Mr. Knightly, as if rather speaking to himself, than to those around him.

“Begin then, my Lord, we pray you,” said the young Viscount.

“Or, my Lord,” added Gerald, upon whom little of the conversation had been lost, “Walter, here, or I, shall scarce live long enough to pay our Irish tenantry a visit; don’t you think so, Walter?”

“Indeed I do.”

“But why, my good young friends?” asked the Minister with a condescending smile.

“Explain as well as you can, Gerald,” said Lord Clangore.

“Thus then, my Lord;” and in a little embarrassment the schoolboy addressed the Minister—“until one can sleep soundly in one’s bed in Ireland, one can hardly think of going there; and Sir Robert, and Mr. Knightly, and even your Lordship, seem to say, that this must not be expected for a great many years.”

“Fairly argued, Gerald,” laughed Sir Robert.

“My dear young Lord Clangore,” resumed the Minister, assuming one of those full, manly expressions of face and manner which often

distinguished him ; “ it is due to your ripening years, to remind you that, as has already been noticed, his Majesty’s Government *have* made the beginning you so properly wish for. The legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland may, indeed, be said to be the first link of that great chain which, in intellect, civilization, happiness, and glory, and at the same time, in habits, pursuits, and morals, is destined to inter-fuse into one national current, the people of England and Ireland.”

“ I thank your Lordship for your explanation,” said Lord Clangore, “ and I fully accept it; and yet it is grievous to think that our young logician here is still right, when he supposes that many, many years must elapse before an Irish nobleman or gentleman, or, as I admit the propriety of the epithet, an English-Irish one, can reckon upon residing comfortably and happily amongst his mere Irish dependants.”

“ Before that, many, many years must pass away, indeed,” remarked Knightly.

“ Meantime,” resumed Lord Clangore, “ while the purely Irish of the present day, in different ranks of society, utter the language of disaffection to England, or frightfully outrage her laws, what shall we call

their conduct with reference to the expected change?"

"Call it, if your Lordship pleases, the yeasty workings, which denote a decomposing process in the moral elements of the people, and which, pursuant to the theory, must leave behind a settled and purer state of society," answered—not the Minister, nor the General, but Mr. Knightly, out of his turn and place.

"And are we merely to look on at the fermentation?" continued Lord Clangore, glancing round to his more important friends.

"I suppose so," again put in Knightly; "fiddling" with his spoon.

"But can you not also suppose, Sir, a moment, during which we *could* not merely look on?"

"I had rather not, my Lord:" Knightly smiled and bowed.

"Tut, my good young Lord," said the General, rising; "you only contemplate circumstances as likely as any that could occur to facilitate the change we all think desirable. And so, indeed, says our distinguished countryman, now immortalizing himself on the Peninsula. One of the chief causes of Ireland's turbulence is her self-flattering conviction, that, as yet, she

has been but half conquered. Whenever she deserves it, then, he argues, conquer her to her heart's content, and she will be quieter. And I think it a fair syllogism; and, for my own part, can imagine no state of things better calculated to let us remodel the old Celtic character—to make it, in fact, English-Irish—that's still my word—than one offered by the salutary humiliation, perhaps diminution, of a newly-conquered people !”

“Faith ! and it might be as good a way as any, General,” assented Mr. Knightly.

“I agree,” said Lord Clangore.

“And I,” said Gerald.

All now arose, and as a hint for furthering the real business of the morning, the Minister showed the way back to his library.

It often happens that, when men meet about some specific matter of importance, the accidental conversation which precedes its discussion, proves tenfold the extent of that which arranges it. And such was the case in the present instance. Little could be suggested for the future advantage of their wards by the three guardians, or by one of the wards, Lord Clangore, in behalf of his brother, or his sister, or himself, which all did not seem to have

previously, though tacitly, agreed in. Lady Augusta could not yet be removed from Devonshire, nor invited to resume her literary and other studies, notwithstanding a manifest improvement in her health, reported by Lord Clangore, who, since their common calamity, had been to visit her. The young Viscount would return to Cambridge, complete his terms, and at one and twenty inherit his considerable estates in England and Ireland: then, if state ambition swayed his mind, no young nobleman could have better prospects. And, almost upon the same plan, Gerald was to go back to Westminster, afterwards to the University, and against the time when he must be called upon to consider it, make up his mind in the choice of a profession,—the portion of patrimony lying in Ireland, to which his father's will entitled him, not seeming to dispense with his own exertions in the world. At present, he could not say what profession he might ultimately select.

During the conversation on these points Mr. Knightly scarce spoke a word, except when he assented. As the meeting was about to dissolve, however, he asked,

“ When Lord Clangore shall have attained

his twenty-first year, I presume we may reckon upon seeing him amongst us in Ireland?"

"That requires consideration," said the Minister.

"The late Lord Clangore often objected to any son of his residing in Ireland," said Sir Robert, "or even temporarily mixing in the anomalous crowd called Irish Society, at least till an advanced period of life."

"Then you will be one of the true English-Irish, my Lord?" pursued Mr. Knightly, good-humouredly.

"I will, Sir," answered his noble ward.

"And so will I," echoed Gerald.

"Like all of us who—to speak modestly—do not put Ireland to the blush," resumed Sir Robert Flood.

"We shall regret your absence, even while we admire the motive for it, my Lord;" and Mr. Knightly was bowing himself out of the room.

"Do you leave town soon, Sir?" asked Sir Robert.

"To-day, General, for Devonshire, in the three-o'clock coach, that starts from Lad-lane; and thence, with little delay, home to Captain Rock;" and continuing his bows, Mr. Knightly withdrew.

CHAPTER III.

“AND, Gerald,” said Lord Clangore, keeping up with his brother some confidential discourse, upon the evening previous to their separation, the one for Cambridge, the other for Westminster—“make no friends and few acquaintances among the boys fresh from our father’s country you may meet at school; guard yourself, at least, against the manners, temper, and even the brogue, for which such of them as continue very national, and wish to be so, are remarkable.”

“Indeed, Walter, I know but one boy at Westminster of Irish connexion, that I’ve any fancy to know; Charles Flood, the General’s son: and he, I assure you, thinks so nearly with ourselves on this subject, that his acquaintance must be of use, rather than otherwise: he’s very witty, and droll, and——”

“Have a care, Gerald, how you give him credit for that very kind of wit which you

have yourself defined in so questionable a manner; for, in fact, drollery is not wit, except, I suppose, in Ireland."

"Charles is witty, though, Walter; perhaps I need not have said droll: there's nothing broad about it; nothing buffoonish or vulgar; but all so quiet and unawares, you would think, when you look at him lisping it out with his raised eye-brows and half-shut eyes; and then, as I was going to say, though he makes us all laugh, whatever subject comes up, Charles is never so delightful as when he talks to us of the Irish people, men and women, and of the Irish places and things he was bred and born amongst."

"'Bred and born!' that's as good an Irishism as I've heard, Gerald."

"Well, may be so; but one can easily forget, you know."

"And if you got it from young Flood—"

"No, Walter, I bar that."

"'Bar that!' over again!"

"Well to be sure!" continued Gerald, in intended self-defence, while he really achieved a climax of Irish phraseology, garnishing it, too, with a very sweet bit of brogue. His brother raised up his hands and eyes in mock

horror, and when Gerald saw and acknowledged his stumble, both laughed heartily, and the subject changed.

“ I wish our poor Augusta had never fallen into the care of her present protectress, Gerald.”

“ So do I, for every reason ; and first, because she would not have been ill enough to require it.”

“ And next, because of all ladies I have ever seen, Mrs. Knightly is the most Irish ; so peculiarly mannered, so strange and antediluvian, so talky, and, sometimes, so droll too, Gerald ; why, the very nationality of her tones will be injurious to our sister, if, indeed, they remain long enough together to allow of Augusta’s unconscious imitation of them.”

“ That will be bad, Walter ; particularly for a lady destined to move and excel in English society.”

“ Did you like Mrs. Knightly, during our short visit, Gerald ?”

“ I—I don’t know ; I can’t exactly say ; I never thought of the matter, then or since ; but I believe not. Can’t Augusta have another companion in Devonshire ?”

“ The good Irish lady has, Irish as she is,

been very attentive and kind to her, and evidently won Augusta's affections; so that separating them, at present, or, indeed, until our sister perfectly regains her health—"

"Oh, it wouldn't do. But write to Augusta on the matter."

"So I intend."

"And when I go down to Devonshire, next vacation, I'll report to you, Walter."

The brothers parted. Gerald arrived at Westminster while the boys were out of doors, and hastened to join such of them as had been his companions. He soon found them, forming, along with some others, a little crowd, which hovered on the steps of a solitary lad, who, at a glance, Gerald saw was a new comer.

"Oh, Blount!" lisped young Charles Flood, after temperately shaking his hand, and while he pointed to the sad-looking stranger, and affected a strong Irish accent; "Oh, Blount, did you ever in your life see a pay-cock?"

"A what!" laughed Gerald, and the crowd loudly echoed his anticipating glee. The object of their ridicule was within hearing.

"Why, a pay-cock, man:—wait till I tell you;" and Flood, mimicking the face of a person astonished, and a little embarrassed in a

new situation, began to stare about him as he drawled out—‘James! James!’—(that’s the curious serving man that came here *with us*)—‘Oh, James, James!’—‘Eh-a, Masther Harry?’ ‘James, look at the pay-cock!’

This sally, obviously caricaturing a scene all had recently witnessed during the last interview between the new comer and his Irish servant, produced a fresh burst of laughter, which, however, was interrupted in a startling way. Flood had scarce uttered his last mouthful of brogue, when a sharp and rather large stone, whizzing through his crowd of admirers, struck him on the head, and, as he lay stunned on the ground, the dangerous person who had hurled it, darted, with flashing eyes and features swollen, and stained with recent tears, upon his prostrate tormentor, as he shouted out—“No! but, James! James! where are you to look at the puppy!”

“Tear away the Pat!” cried several voices, as they saw him attempt farther to annoy young Flood. He was soon secured by Gerald and others.

“There’s his Irish treachery!” they continued; “a blow even without a word!”

“He has been with Captain Rock among the bogs!” cried others.

“Report him! report him! and we shall soon be rid of him!”

Flood now started to his feet and said—“No! let no one here speak of tale-bearing, or I am his enemy. We can settle the matter in another way.”

“Ay, serve him out for it! serve him out!” was now the cry. Flood walked up to his assaulter.

“Williams, if that is your name?—”

“It is my name,” angrily interrupted the captive.

“Very well. Let him go, Blount; my merry-men, let him go; we shall have a quiet word together:” he was released. “Williams, then, most princely and most Milesian Williams—though ’tis not a Milesian name, after all—smells of the leek, I think—but ’twill do as well—Taffy is as hot as Paddy any day—and when mixed, as in thy puissant person—”

“Balderdash!” exclaimed Williams, “say it at once, if you’re not afraid of the very sound of it.”

“Nay, gentle Pat—ap—Taffy—ap—Williams, courage and good humour may go together.”

“You want to fight it out with me?”

“Thou hast expressed it: lads, get him a friend and a bottle-holder among you; Blount and Morton, you are for me; come along.”

“I want no friend *here*,” growled Williams; “I can do it alone.”

“Friend, or no friend, there shall be fair play,” said several; and while the greater portion of the crowd hurried off to prepare a ring on the destined spot, a few ran to provide brandy, as an approved stimulant for the mettle of the combatants. But, by some unknown means, one of the authorities received notice of the intended battle, though not of the aggression that had led to it, and soon appearing on the ground, commanded peace, in the name of heavy penalties and punishment. As the disappointed throng dispersed, Flood whispered in Williams’s ear, “To-morrow evening, then, and here.”

“Any evening, and any where,” he was answered; and, taking Gerald’s arm, Flood turned away, as also did every other boy from the turbulent stranger, leaving him quite alone—cut, in fact.

“Now there’s a drop of the true Hibernian blood for you, Gerald,” said Flood, as they walked on.

“Shocking!” replied Gerald: “he shows no

notion of resentment in a fair way, or even a manly way."

"And yet he's not one of the prime ones either; being no Roman-Catholic, in the first place, and having nothing to do with the good old stock in the second; but, of course, he learned it amongst them."

"He must forget what he has learned then, if he means to live here, Flood."

"Let's see how he'll take the initiation to-night," answered Flood; "that tries temper and sense."

"Yes; and he'll have time to cool," agreed Gerald.

The night came, and about the hour when the clock was striking twelve, Williams, awaking out of a sound sleep, in consequence of some sudden rough treatment, found himself lying on the floor, surrounded by a hideous row of figures in white drapery and with devilish faces, visible only by the phosphoric light smeared over them. A subdued howl, at the same time, assaulted his ears; and, after a second's recollection, he thought he felt as if he had been soused in water. The natural terror that his first glance around him had brought to his heart, was corrected by this

latter observation. It seemed now clear that, instead of being haunted by evil spirits, he was suffering much ill-treatment at the hands of his school-fellows; and never having heard of such proceedings, and construing into a particular personal outrage pranks that many a boy had experienced before him, the moody young Irishman gave way to a paroxysm of fury, which spent itself in the wildest efforts at retaliation. But those efforts proved as vain as they were wild. In a few moments he found himself in utter darkness, far from his bed, in what direction he could not tell, and receiving, at the hands of his unseen persecutors, a succession of ill-usage, their knowledge of the localities of the apartment enabling them to keep out of his reach, while the well-known sounds of—"James, look at the pay-cock!" proved, if any proof were wanting, to whom he stood indebted; until at last, after hours of misery, chilled, and drenched, he sunk on the boards, and became at once tamed and comforted in the deep sleep of exhaustion.

"He will make a story of it in the morning," whispered Flood to Gerald, as they parted for the night;—"his nature is enough for any thing."

But in this instance only they wronged the

Hibernian. He took no steps to obtain satisfaction at the hands of the constituted authorities ; he even did not allude to the scene of the previous night in their presence. A confirmed gloom of brow, and a sullen silence, alone showed the sense of wrong that brooded within. Through the whole day he sat or strayed about alone. The evening, and with it the hour for renewed battle, drew on, and he was the first on the ground. Against his repeated protest, friends were allotted to him, and he and Flood “set-to.” Williams was the stronger and elder boy, and when his hits told, as at the commencement was the case, his adversary suffered from them. But Flood had the advantage in “the science”—“the real thing ;” besides being much cooler, and more on his guard ; and after a few rounds, gradually harassed his man, until feebleness and insensibility began to appear. Williams then partook, for the first time, of the proffered stimulant, that Flood had not from the outset refused ; rallied, and did some wild work ; but after a contest of an hour, finally lay powerless. Many boys, interested by his spirit and bravery, took care of him ; and even his first offence seemed almost forgotten.

“ Will the Milesian be more rational now ?” inquired the victor of his friend Gerald, as they returned from the ground.

“ We can watch him to-morrow,” replied Gerald ; “ and, Flood, if he promises fair, no need to cut the poor devil altogether, you know.”

“ Certainly not on this account ; but let us see.”

Flood had already shaken Williams’s hand, but as he could scarce have been sensible of the overture, fresh advances towards good-fellowship were made the ensuing morning. But the beaten boy scowlingly drew back from his conqueror, muttering that it was not over yet ; and still he sat or sauntered moodily alone. In the course of the day he was observed to speak apart with a Jew-hawker, who came within view ; and, seemingly at his instance, the itinerant merchant retired, after a few hours reappeared, and Williams purchased something of him. Gerald met him walking rapidly towards the more frequented part of the play-ground, his hands thrust into his pockets, and a mixed satisfaction and fierceness in his look.

“ Where ’s Flood ?” he asked, as they passed.

Gerald answered.—“ Follow me, then ; you’re his friend, and he may want you ; follow me.”

Gerald did follow in his hasty steps, and they soon came up with Flood.

“There, fellow!” cried the Irishman, flinging down one pistol, as he took out another; “meet me like a gentleman at last, since I can’t wait to learn your ‘stable-boy’ knack of fighting—put him on his ground!”

An assistant of the school seasonably interfered, the whole transaction was reported to the master, and next day Williams was ordered home to Ireland.

“They never forgive,” observed Flood to Gerald; “they will never let you be friends with them.”

“I have often been told that,” replied Gerald, “and now I see it.”

“They must have fighting, Blount; ’tis meat, drink, and clothes to them—(indeed, sometimes they want it as a substitute for these matters)—if they can have it with an enemy, and with an Englishman above the world, all the better; but rather than go without it, they must have it from each other.”

The young friends, along with other boys of their age, rowed up the river the same evening, beyond Chelsea. By the way, the manful com-

mand which Westminster boys of twelve or thirteen, exhibit over a four-oared, sometimes a six-oared boat, is quite delightful to witness. An equal number of professional watermen could not much surpass them; as, sitting stripped to their work, they pull with their little muscular arms, and bend their little bodies in masterly unison.

“Hark!” cried Flood, as they passed Cheyne-walk, “I hear the sweet silvery sounds of home;” a loud clatter from a group of Irish labourers just then broke on the ears of all. The men stood debating round the door of a public-house, seemingly half tipsy, and as if cordially, though so boisterously, exhorting each other to step in again and become wholly so. The juvenile boatmen rested on their oars to observe them.

“They are going to fight,” said Gerald, who did not understand Irish vivacity: “they are going to fight, Flood, amongst each other, just as you said it, a few hours ago.”

“No, no,” replied Flood, “that’s to come: this is only the love-making that brings it on. Pull, lads, we shall be time enough on our return from Battersea or the Red-house.”

So well had he prophesied, that, just as the boat shot by the same spot, after about half an hour's absence, a discordant yelling and vociferation issued from the public-house, and, in a few minutes, out rushed the dearest friends in the world, breaking each other's heads, some with the very utensils in which they had been pledging mutual love, and peace, and happiness; some with portions of chairs, wrenched asunder for the occasion, and some with pokers. No brow amongst them was unstained with blood; few were able to stand upright for more than a second at a time, ere they were felled to the earth; and many lay motionless, perhaps dead, upon it. But I will not detail the scene. The only relief it shall receive at my hands is, by contrasting such a display of strange and foreign uproar, with the systematised quiet and indifference, not to say contempt, with which it was regarded by all classes of the people amongst whom it occurred, and who, evidently against their taste, were lookers on.

"There 'tis for you now, Gerald," remarked Flood.

"Fickle, turbulent creatures!" exclaimed Gerald. "No, I see it, plainly, they never can

be quiet ; you never can be at peace with them :” and in strengthened conviction, he recollected the theory of a total change of nationality, originated by his friend’s father, and asserted to be an indispensable step towards the peace and happiness of his paternal country.

Upon another evening, when he, Flood, and the rest of their little boat’s crew, had proceeded down the river as far as Bermondsey, and when, in search of some refreshments, they landed and explored that dirty and straggling ramification of the overgrown Babylon, a general riot and panic possessed its narrow warehouse, or shed-house lanes, the Irish population, which there preponderates, having just turned out in civil warfare.—The yells and imprecations of the half-mad people rang far and wide ; with gashed heads and shattered limbs the discomfited parties lay on the pavement ; constables interposed, and in a twinkling were routed and sorely maltreated ; until at length, whenever a peace-making Englishman presented himself, or even a merely peaceable one, who had in no way interfered, the staves of the infuriated rioters were dealt round in indiscriminate, and, it might seem, merely impulsive fury. The place appeared like a town just stormed and taken

possession of by a band of pirates, before whose animal desperation the quiet inhabitants shrunk in dismay, or were flying in terror. But Gerald did not require this new fact to strengthen his former conclusions. He was only more disgusted.

Vacation came on, and, previous to his journey to Devonshire, Gerald spent a few days with his friends in town; one he devoted, still in the company of Flood and a few other boys, to an exploring ramble from the West End towards the city. Walking into Holborn, the now familiar noise of Irish uproar once more reached them down one of the narrow alleys that communicate with the very capital of Irish London colonies—dear St. Giles's itself. Gerald would have declined farther notice of the disagreeable occurrence, but, yielding to the wishes of his young friends, he at length advanced, with them, to the outskirts of the fray. It is enough to observe, that it generally resembled those he had before witnessed, with the addition of female combatants, scattered through the male ranks, or screaming and imprecating, four or five at a time, out of all the windows within view. Cautiously passing the unruly mob, the young party turned down another street of the same colony, in

which reigned comparative peace, but which presented other fruitful subjects for contemplation. Here, in the very core of English cleanliness, order, and comfort, was a picture of all Gerald had ever heard about Irish nastiness and misery, as vivid as if he stood on Irish ground, or as if the wretched beings, by whose agency it was displayed, had never had an opportunity of seeing or knowing better; though they need but turn round their eyes, or at farthest walk a few steps, to supply themselves with contrasts that ought to bring into their cheeks the blush of shame, and into their hearts the zeal of amendment. The door of almost every dingy house stood open, and women, and girls, untidily dressed, with unwashed faces, sat or grouped round the thresholds, gabbling loud, and doing nothing. Squalid and ragged children sprawled about the streets, which were puddly, though it was summer, and while every street that led into the vile district, was clean; and cabbage-leaves, and cabbage-stalks, and a variety of other rubbish, offended the eye of even the least orderly observer.

“See,” said Flood, “it is not the heroic tastes of our dear countrymen I so much marvel at, but they cannot even be taught to—”

“They will never be taught any thing they should know as long as they *are* Irish,” interrupted Gerald.

One of Gerald’s companions was a young English gentleman of that well-regulated turn of mind, dignity of manner, and openness of heart, which mark the best specimens of English character. Upon their boating parties to Chelsea and Bermondsey he had witnessed scenes, already noticed, and while it was evident that his notions of propriety received, on these occasions, a disagreeable shock, yet, with an amiable and delicate tact, he strove to conceal from Gerald any strong expression of feeling that might tend to humiliate him. Now, however, as they all turned out of St. Giles’s, he could not avoid saying—“Blount, I am sorry these people are *your* countrymen.”

“Then your sorrow is unnecessary,” replied Gerald, “for *my* countrymen these people are not. You might, indeed, during his lifetime, have fixed them upon my father, though in spite of him; but I was not even born amongst them: at all events, if I am to be called Irish, let it be with a word prefixed—English-Irish.”

“That is—” said his friend.

“That is,” continued Gerald, energetically, “even if Irish by birth—”

“Or rather, by having been born in the country,” put in Flood.

“Yes, Flood; for, after all, people of English blood, in the first instance, do not grow Irish, by being born in Ireland: but I mean, that, supposing such to be my case, I wish to become English, purely English, in all my habits and notions; and more, as your father says, Flood, I believe Ireland never can be in any respect what it ought to be, until all the people in it, or the greater number of them, at least, are made as English, as I hope, I am.”

“My excellent father is, no doubt, excellent authority,” said Flood; “but his commander-in-chief must, according to the articles of war, be allowed to be better; and it is well known, Blount, that the Great Captain, of course seeing things as you and I, and all of *us* do, rejects the name of Irishman, and desires to be considered a—(I believe his term is)—British subject.”

“Your father’s term would be better, Flood.”

“I wish this had been sooner understood by our countrymen, at least by any of them who ever escaped out of Ireland, good Gerald,” said Flood to Gerald, a few days after, as, under the magnificent roof of Westminster Abbey, they resumed the question.

“And it was,” answered Gerald; “look here,” leading him up to Goldsmith’s monument, “here is a proof. It is well known that Goldsmith drew from his Irish recollections when he wrote the ‘Deserted Village;’ what but a disinclination to link himself with Ireland, could have hindered him from placing the village where he really found it?”

“It might have been too dirty a village, where he found it,” said Flood; “a little St. Giles’s.”

“Well,” resumed Gerald, smiling; “even so you prove that in Goldsmith’s judgment it was first necessary to make it English-Irish. But this is not the only way in which he has shown a prudent shyness of the country that happened to give him birth. He satirized it at every opportunity.”

“I remember,” said Flood,

“ ‘There’s my countryman, Higgins, och ! let him alone,
For making a blunder, or picking a bone ! ’ ”

“And the epistle you quote from,” resumed Gerald, “was written to Lord Clare; and as Goldsmith must have known, from his Lordship’s previous sentiments, that he would enjoy a keen, though deserved taunt on mere Irish

peculiarities, we may conclude that he, too, was English-Irish." Had the reading, or the memory of the young theorist served him, he might have named more important instances of his assertion, as well before as at the time now chosen. Among others, the great Duke of Ormonde would have shown that, whether in his national policy, or in taking care of his personal interests, (and he excelled in the one as well as in the other,) to make Ireland English, and himself, English-Irish, was, long before the era of Goldsmith or Lord Clare, the guiding wish of the most ancient nobleman of the English, or rather of the Anglo Norman Pale in the sister country.

CHAPTER IV.

GERALD proceeded to visit Lady Augusta in Devonshire, travelling in a spruce-built buggy, driven by a servant. His sister occupied a pretty cottage, in one of the most beautiful situations outside a sea-coast village. At some distance the road commanded a view of the cottage; and as it was a steep road, and he could not be very speedily driven down, he jumped out of the vehicle and ran before it, hoping to meet Lady Augusta on his way, or at least to see her on some one of the paths about the little residence.

At a turn of the road, where on one side the fence was high and overshadowed by an elegant group of slight ash trees, the sound of young female voices, in laughter and joyous hilarity, caught Gerald's ear. Climbing gently up the fence, and peeping through a cluster of bushes, he saw, seated in a garden-chair, em-

ployed at her needle, his sister's protectress and nurse, Mrs. Knightly; before her, on the grass, and sitting face to face, were his sister herself, looking much better than he had expected to meet her, and a little girl, some years her junior, with glowing blue eyes, flaxen hair, shaken wildly about her face, beautiful straight nose and cherry mouth, and cheeks so brilliant with the colour of health and loveliness, that they might remind one of sun-light breaking in transparent suffusion through a garden screen of roses. A book, turned down on the grass, a guitar, and a little work-basket, lay near them; but they seemed to have given study and work of every kind to the winds, if any could have blown strong enough for the purpose, on that delicious summer day; and laughter, nay, shouts of laughter rang merrily through their rural retreat as the strange girl archly contested some point with her scarcely less vivacious companion.

As Gerald peeped at this scene, his first feeling was sympathy with its unrestrained enjoyment, particularly on account of his sister, whose health and spirits seemed at last equal to so happy an assertion of existence. The sub-

duced, motherly smile of Mrs. Knightly always kept up, but increased every now and then by a glance at the two delighted girls, or by some ecstatic climax of their laughter, also pleased and interested him; yet soon after he began to ask himself if such a display was characterised by the elegant decorum to which Lady Augusta ought to be habituated, and, indeed, (previous to her retreat to Devonshire,) of the constant impression of which upon her habits and manner she had given such full evidence. Then he was struck by what he felt to be the boisterous mirth of her little playmate; by a peculiar air about the child that, beautiful as she was, seemed, when put in comparison with the high-born children of her age, to whose society he had been accustomed, neither fashionable nor proper; and at length, some words and phrases addressed by her to Lady Augusta becoming distinctly audible through the laughter of both, Gerald began to doubt if her rank and quality entitled her to be made, by Mrs. Knightly, the familiar companion of his sister.

“Sing it, I tell you!”—cried the blooming little stranger, holding up to Lady Augusta, in mock threat, two or three long stalks of grass

she had just plucked at her side: and the tone in which she spoke, though musical, had a strange sound.

“ I can’t, Rhoda !” replied her companion, clasping her hands playfully in appeal.

“ *Say it, then !*”

“ Nay, that’s the difficulty, Rhoda ! I’ve no great demur to your air—’tis pretty enough—but your words—oh, your words !”—in affected horror, and ending in another triumphant laugh.

“ Sing it, or say it, or *I’ll kill you dead !*” continued Rhoda, shaking aloft the formidable scourge in one hand, and twining the other through Lady Augusta’s beautiful brown tresses.

“ The pure brogue,” thought Gerald.

“ Come !” Rhoda went on, gently applying the grass stalks to her playmate’s neck, while both now clung to each other, and continued their loud laugh—“ Come, you proud English lady !—say my words—my beautiful Irish words—or—*I’ll be the death o’ you !* what ! *they* ugly ! *they* not musical !”

“ The little pigs say words like them !” shouted Lady Augusta, struggling with her dictator.

“ Take that, then ! and that, and that !” and Rhoda again used her scourge ; “ that for your disobedience—and that for your bad speech !”

“ Well, Rhoda—I will, I will learn them of you !”

“ Listen, then !” and Rhoda warbled to an air that Lady Augusta had called pretty, “ her beautiful Irish words,” during the pronunciation of which, although assisted by melody, the harsh sounds of several *acghs*, *ocghs*, and *ucghs*, sadly offended Gerald’s ear.

“ Why don’t you go on ?” resumed Rhoda, as Lady Augusta interrupted her with mocking laughter.

“ No—not for the world !” answered her pupil, putting out her hands in abhorrence.

“ You won’t, won’t you ?” and again Rhoda offered to inflict chastisement ; again was resisted ; again ensued a struggle ; until clasped in each other’s arms, they finally rolled down on the velvet grass.

Gerald now felt displeased : it was evident, he concluded, that in the person of this little wild girl, Mrs. Knightly had introduced to the intimate acquaintance of his solitary sister, the child of some Irish peasant-servant, brought

over by the good lady from the hills and bogs of her native country. With some coldness and reserve of manner he presented himself to Mrs. Knightly from his peeping-place, and passing her, after a low bow, gravely advanced to Lady Augusta. As his eye still dwelt on Rhoda, her dress corrected his first conclusion; it might, however, have been bestowed on her; but when, as much in consequence of Mrs. Knightly's gentle exclamation of surprise and welcoming, as of his own approach, Lady Augusta started up to embrace her brother, the sudden change from hilarity to gravity and self-possession, and from that again to a provoking mixture of loftiness and *naiveté*, of propriety and archness, which marked Rhoda's manner, more fully convinced him she was no clown's child, born or educated.

“Gerald, Gerald!” said Augusta, after their embrace: “come here and know and fall in love with my friend and companion, during many months—my wild Irish princess, who sings me wild Irish songs made to her beautiful wild Irish ancestresses, ever so long ago, by bards with white beards, on their wire harps

and things——our good, kind, delightful little cousin, Rhoda Knightly.”

“Miss Knightly !” stammered Gerald, bowing.

“My daughter, Sir, Miss Knightly ;” and the mother, quietly evincing the impression, such as it was, which she had received from Gerald’s reserve at his first appearance, rose, and held her daughter by the hand, at her side.

“All the worse,” thought Gerald——“the kind of assumed equality here will only assist the impression of disagreeable peculiarities, on my sister.”

But while in the very act of thinking those words, Rhoda returned his repeated bow in a way so distant, and, using Gerald’s own mental definition, proper, as must have satisfied, so far as it went, the most scrupulous brother. And, indeed, it went far to satisfy him, as might be seen by the expression of his face, changing from the blank of disapprobation to the glow of interest. Mrs. Knightly saw the change, and was quickly responsive to it ; her good-humour became fully restored, and in

features, voice, and words, in all she said or did, there was visible a wish to make her young people happy. "The good lady is kind," soliloquised Gerald, "and, perhaps, of a respectable class in her own country; but much is wanted for England. The daughter, too, seems not quite so strong a character as I had at first supposed: yet, see there—"

Rhoda, escaped from the demureness half produced by, and half-affected at, the sudden appearance of a stranger, was relapsing into a vivacity Gerald thought *un-English*. Holding a grave side-face to him so long as she pretended to think he was regarding her, she voted his eyes off whenever she pleased, and then, with strange contortions of her beautiful features, continued playfully to threaten Augusta for her recent obstinacy, and do all in her power to keep up the loud mirth of that young lady. Again, however, something dignified or graceful appeared about her, which, recommended by her beauty, the young critic admired; and yet again, its effect was marred by a return of something so arch, he nearly called it bold; and thus did Gerald's notions of his new acquaintance fluctuate for some time.

A servant—a REAL Irish peasant girl—approached from the cottage, with cream and strawberries. The broad though rosy face, wide-winged nose, and wide mouth, which, when she smiled, allowed the upper gum to be seen, reminded Gerald of visages he had beheld in St. Giles's; and indeed, laid claim to almost unadulterated Celtic descent. Her shyness too, her gait, and the crude fashion in which her gown had been cut, (obviously she had brought it from home with her,) struck him as characteristic of sad inferiority in the scale of her parallel class in England, as decisive, indeed, as was the difference between Mrs. Knightly and her daughter, and other old and young ladies of his acquaintance.

“Get more cream, Biddy; Lady Augusta likes it,” said Mrs. Knightly, as the girl deposited her dishes and plates on the grass.

“God bless her darling young ladyship, I sholl, mam,” answered Biddy, with a drop-curtsey, so sudden and deep as to be rather startling; and though the zealous smile that lighted in her large good eyes, and the phrase of respectful affection towards his sister, with which it was accompanied, were not quite lost

upon Gerald, still the broad, sing-song brogue, the vile “sholl, mam,” the very name, “Bid-dy,” and even the wordy acquiescence, when silence and obedience alone should have been her proper part, effectually disposed of the girl in his estimation. He became confirmed in all his former dislikes to pure Irish people, and the reflection that Augusta was surrounded by indifferent specimens of native manner, pressed upon him.

He turned an eye, prepared for renewed criticism, on Rhoda; but just at that moment, his heart found cause to oppose his calm opinions. The sunny-faced child was in the act of spreading over Augusta’s knees, as she again sat on the grass, a little white handkerchief; and then she bounded up, telling her “for her life” not to “stir a single bit,” returned with the fruit and cream, adjusted it nicely on the handkerchief, put the dessert-spoon into her companion’s hand, and commanding her not to “leave a single one,” and holding up her lips for a kiss of promise, snatched her own little portion,—Mrs. Knightly and Gerald having been helped—and then confronted, as if to watch her, the object of her fond care and interest.

“How very, very well you are getting, dear Augusta,” said Gerald, as, gazing on his sister, he enjoyed the look of her round cheeks, covered with natural though delicate blushes, and dimpling in smiles that proclaimed freedom from pain or lassitude, and the reign of high spirits and heart’s ease.

“Yes,” laughed Rhoda, “the lady looks quite impudent with her good health, to-day.”

Gerald did not like the style of the comment.

“Then, Gerald, thank our dear Mrs. Knightly, and our dear, dear wild Irish Rhoda,” replied Augusta.

“Thank the good Giver of health and of every blessing, my love,” said Mrs. Knightly.

“Ay, thank the good God, indeed,” agreed Rhoda, in serious earnestness that once more pleased Gerald—“but,” she added, changing both her manner and her style of speaking, so as to efface the favourable hit—“if you dare thank me, Augusta—I’ll settle you for it, when I catch you by yourself.”

“The girl should have said *Lady* Augusta,” thought Gerald.

But Augusta showed by her laugh that she had not missed the formality. “And now,

Rhoda," she resumed, "sing those two curious lines you sing us every day when we have had this fruit; 'tis such an Irish simile! so poetically Irish!

And without hesitation Rhoda hummed, in an affected drawling way, adding to her own little brogue, and carefully pronouncing, as the reader shall see it spelled, the last word of the couplet:

"Her cheeks are like roses, her mouth much the same,
Like a dish of fresh strawberries, smothered in
CRAME."

"Vile," thought Gerald: and—"yes," he said aloud, with emphasis, and without a smile, though his was the only grave face—"yes, Augusta, in sentiment, words, and *style*, 'tis indeed very Irish."

"Oh, very! very!" cried Rhoda, perhaps not insensible to the point of the remark, although, for that very reason she hummed the lines over again. "Come, now!" she went on, jumping up; "we want our asses! 'tis time for our asses! where are they?"

"Lady Augusta says donkeys," observed Mrs. Knightly.

“ Well, I know, mamma ; but isn't it all the same in Ireland ? ay, and in proud England, too ? Isn't an ass an ass any where ? ” as she glided by Gerald. He thought she glanced at him ; he reddened and hated her ; but he might have mistaken ; and the doubt left him his self-command.

“ Isn't it time for our ride, mamma—isn't it, isn't it ? ” importuned Rhoda, running to her mother, and clinging round her. Mrs. Knightly, kissing her forehead, assented. Gerald felt no interest in the Irish mother kissing her forward Irish child. Rhoda continued, “ Then you give the word ; do you, do you ? For you know you must give it, mamma, or Augusta won't come for my leave, though I often tell her not to mind you— ” she added, playfully glancing at Mrs. Knightly from under her long eyelashes, and running away.

“ Dan ! Dan ! where is Dan to ride with us ? ” still cried Rhoda.

“ Perhaps Mr. Blount will ride with his sister to-day, Rhoda, ” said Mrs. Knightly.

“ Oh, very well,—don't stir, Augusta—don't stir a step ! ” stamping, and clenching her little hand ; “ I'll run to the house, and tell Biddy to

tell Dan to come with three *asses*—donkeys—instead of *two*, to the gate at the road-side, a little way yonder.”

“And Mr. Blount may prefer to ride out with Lady Augusta, alone,” resumed Mrs. Knightly, as her lively girl flew off.

“Oh, very well,” again said Rhoda, not stopping.

“No, Rhoda, no!” cried Augusta, while Gerald remained silent—“order the *three* donkeys round to the gate; I’ll not ride at all without you; Gerald won’t ride without you.”

“Very well, very well!” and she disappeared, and in a few minutes returned, out of breath, her own hat and little habit put on, while she carried Augusta’s upon her arm. With every contrivance that could save the invalid the least effort, Rhoda then insisted on “doing her up.”

“’Tis ostentatious, troublesome attention, after all,” thought Gerald; thus allowing Rhoda to slip from the only hold she had before taken upon his interest. Dan quickly came to the gate near at hand with the donkeys, and the young equestrians trotted forward on the road towards the high grounds, at some distance.

“How well you have learned to ride here,

Augusta," said Gerald, as, led by Rhoda, they pushed on as fast as the moderate-paced animals could or would allow them. Though a good horseman, Gerald's total want of acquaintance, previously, with the humours of a donkey's paces, made him feel sensible of some inferiority.

"Yes," replied Augusta, "Rhoda taught me—but I am yet much inferior to my mistress: see, we must switch our steeds to keep up with her: how boldly she rides!"

"Very boldly," answered Gerald, as, at the increased motion, slight as it was, of his donkey, he wavered somewhat in his stirrups.

"Which way do we take?" he enquired, as now all kept on abreast.

"Up against that hill—and then that—and then down that and that," replied Rhoda, pointing onward, "and 'twill be so pleasant! Come, Neddy—" shaking her switch—"oh, why are you an ass, Neddy, and not a lady's hunter?"

"Up and down such hills as those!" cried Gerald, startled at the whole speech, for his sister's sake, as well as for its own sake—and his own sake, too—"Augusta, are you permitted to take such rides?"

“Oh, yes—ever since a week or so after Rhoda came from Ireland.”

“Permitted!” echoed Rhoda; “why, Master Blount, who’s to hinder us? or what? we’re not afraid, are we?”

“No, Miss Knightly, I am sure *you’re* not afraid,” said Gerald.

“And are you?”

“Not by your side, certainly.”

“But you’re not by my side, certainly, nor at Augusta’s either—why you keep behind, Sir, when you ought to attend at our bridles, from one to another, and go on before us to see if the road is clear, and be ready to lead us over a stream, in a hollow, or over a heap, or things of that kind”—(Rhoda was thinking of by-roads in Ireland)—“goodness gracious!—if Robert O’Rourke was now on your little beast’s back!—he’s a littler boy than you, Master Blount, and younger by a year or two, but he’d think less of the tallest hunter his father has, than you think of that creeping go-by-the-ground—”

“And where *is* this mighty Robert?” asked Augusta.

“Och! in Ireland to be sure—dear, dear Ireland!”

“I wish you were with him there,” thought

Gerald, as, at a hasty application of its rider's switch, his donkey swerved aside, and again discomposed him.

"Come on, Sir," continued Rhoda, putting her animal to the best of his sluggish mettle.

"This wretch will not allow me—an Irish donkey, I warrant," he continued, in a mutter.

"No, Sir; but mightn't an English ass be in fault?" and Rhoda, laughing spitefully, and now leaving no room to doubt of her intentional satire, left Gerald to follow as he best could. "Ay," he soliloquised, when at length he had mastered his donkey; "Augusta shall have other associates now that she gets better; the old lady's kindness and successful nursing must not, of course, be forgotten; Walter and I, and Augusta, too, must, in every possible way, and in every prudent way, recompense her, but not in THIS way; not by leaving a young lady to be inconvenienced by the manners of her and her daughter, more than she has been served by their attentions."

The heights, after all, were explored, up and down. Rhoda still boldly led on, till at last the young trio turned towards home by a different road.

“ I do like this place, for 'tis like Ireland ;” said Rhoda, looking around on their broken path.

“ Then I like it too,” assented Augusta, “ because you like it, and because it is like what you like.”

“ I can like it, only because 'tis England,” demurred Gerald ; it was clear they would not agree.

“ And I could almost hate it, if I had no other reason to like it,” retorted Rhoda ; “ England must be Irish, or look Irish at least,—the hills, and the fields, and the places ; the cows, the sheep, and the birds ; and the men, the women, and the children ; and smile and laugh Irish, and talk to me, and do to me Irish, before I once love or like a sod or creature of it.”

“ And I fear,” rejoined Gerald, now laughing at the energy of Rhoda's assertions, while their blind nationality confirmed him in his judgment of her character ; “ I fear, Miss Knightly, that the people, at least, of Ireland, must undergo a similar, and I hope, more probable change, ere *I* can be in love with *them*.”

“ Poor people ! and what will they do now for any one to be in love with them ?” said Rhoda.

“Mamma,” resuming the subject, (which obviously rankled in her little female vanity, as much, perhaps, as in her national pride)—as all sat in the garden after dinner; “Mamma, which is, Ireland, or England, the handsomer country?”

“Handsome, is a very odd word, Rhoda.”

“Now, mamma, you *do* know what I mean; which has the best hills and rivers, roads and mountains, fields and houses?”

“England the best, Rhoda.”

“Fye, Mamma! Higher mountains, and finer rivers than Ireland?”

“No, Rhoda; nor finer fields either; but the hills and rivers, fields and roads, and all, are better in England, because they are turned to a better account; and as to the houses, Rhoda, if you take in the houses of every rank, they are finer and better too.”

“Mamma, are the people better and finer?” persisted Rhoda, not discomfited, though mortified.

“How, better, my love?”

“Are they kinder, or more polite, or more friendly, or handsome, or agreeable?”

“No, Rhoda.”

“Are they near as much?”

“The English, I think, are not, generally speaking, a handsomer people; as kind, and as friendly as the Irish they may be, amongst themselves; but in their way of showing kindness and friendship, by the thousand little ways that it can be shown, the live-long day, they disappoint Irish notions and feelings; and, therefore, as I am Irish, I must call them our inferiors in those things, Rhoda.”

“The lady mistakes what true, unostentatious civility means,” reflected Gerald.

“Mamma, do you *like* the English?”

“Perhaps, Rhoda, I have not seen sufficient of English society to answer you fairly.”

“I’m sure of that, madam,” continued Gerald to himself.

“But I may say that the lower orders here in the country, at least, are more abrupt, more uncommunicative, and perhaps more selfish than those of their class I’ve been used to in Ireland; and as to the few circles of English ladies I have had the honour to mix in, they are perfect ladies indeed; that is, perfectly at their ease; but, somehow, they do not leave *me* quite so.”

“How can you expect it, good lady?” Ge-

rald went on to himself:—"to feel at ease, one must be used to one's company."

"Perhaps I might, in a little time, become more at home with them," resumed Mrs. Knightly.

"Too late for that," pursued Gerald.

"I give a strange turn to our conversation by saying that the beggars of England—the few of them who now and then take courage to address you on a private road—I do not like at all."

"A strange turn indeed," thought Gerald.

"Give me a halfpenny, if you please, ma'am—do, if you please, ma'am—if you please, ma'am, do—a halfpenny, if you please, ma'am—is the usual extent of an English beggar's appeal: how inferior," continued Mrs. Knightly, smiling, and assuming the broadest brogue she had ever heard in her country; "how inferior, Lady Augusta, my love, to the downright oratory of the Irish mendicant: 'Give us a penny, only a little penny, your honour's ladyship, and God's blessing on your kith and kin; give us, and may you have a long life, a happy death, and a favourable judgment!'"

While Augusta and Rhoda laughed heartily at this sally, intentionally made for the amusement of the former, Gerald felt his tastes more inconvenienced than ever, and said to himself, "Ay, and this is a sample of the *drollery* that Walter spoke to me of, and which, with sharper eyes than mine, he noticed before."

"Jump up, Rhoda, and dance us a jig on that plot, Augusta's favourite one, the Kerry jig, and she will thrum it to you," continued Mrs. Knightly, placing a guitar in Augusta's hands.

Up jumped Rhoda, and to the rapid time given by her friend, performed a dance so unmeasuredly wild and peculiar, although so vivacious and expressive, that Gerald, in the surprise and misgivings it created in him, lost all sensitiveness to its merits, if indeed it possessed any. The ease and exhilaration with which the beautiful Irish child performed it was lost on him, too, in doubts of the seemliness of her vagaries. A little Indian, he thought (though here his knowledge of exactly what kind of thing an Indian dance is, failed him), might have accomplished movements as eccentric, and indeed as interesting.

“How did you learn the tune, Augusta?” he asked, after Rhoda, panting, and with flaming cheeks and eyes, and hair shaken into a mop, sat down.

“Oh, Rhoda taught me, to be sure.”

“And Rhoda will teach you the jig, too,” said her companion.

“Yes, my love, in a little time,” added Mrs. Knightly.

“Not if I can help it,” cogitated Gerald.

In fact, for some days that he spent in their cottage, Gerald saw nothing but additional reasons why, in conjunction with his brother and his two most important guardians, he should take measures to put an end to the close acquaintance between Lady Augusta and her very Irish friends. Negligence of manner he defined to himself to be the most charitable name he could bestow on almost every thing they did; and Irishism and brogue ran, sufficiently strong to injure, through their language and accent. The only question he had to debate was, whether or not his sister would, without regret, or even with a little, that might not prove a check to her improving health, consent to a

speedy separation from persons who had obviously won her heart.

Upon the evening previous to his departure from Devonshire, as he and Augusta walked out together, he proposed the matter indirectly.

“Now that you are so much recruited, Augusta, you will take up your former studies again, of course, and join your governess and masters.”

“Oh yes, Gerald; let my masters *come* as soon as possible;—but pray tell my guardians, that since my meeting with Mrs. Knightly, I love her—though she is not a governess—and yet, she promises, offers, to do any thing for me, along with Rhoda. I love her above all the governesses in the world, and would rather stay with her.”

“But Mrs. Knightly cannot return with you to London, Augusta.”

“And why need I return to London, Gerald?”

“Because in London alone, dear Augusta, can you meet that society and companionship which is to perfect your mind and manners for joining the circles in which your birth entitles, indeed commands, you to move.”

“ Oh, no one in the world is like Mrs. Knightly ! so good, so kind, so gentle, so instructive ! and no child in the world half so delightful as Rhoda ! ”

“ Augusta, Mrs. Knightly and Rhoda must soon go home to Ireland, you know.”

“ Then I will go with them. Oh, dear Gerald, tell Walter, and tell our guardians, this—Mrs. Knightly and her dear, dear girl have snatched me from the grave, and—” she became so agitated that Gerald repented of his premature plan ; and, after all, was compelled to avoid any determination, which might have the effect of distressing, if it did not deprive him of an only sister.

CHAPTER V.

“AY, here,” said Gerald, as, five summers after his visit to Devonshire, he sauntered back, upon a glowing August evening, by the beautiful St. Neot’s road, to the Colleges of Cambridge, whence, some hours previously, he had issued forth to walk,—“here are the pursuits and the recollections that at a fit age fill the minds of Englishmen with the elements of success in upholding their country’s grandeur, or in impressing individually their own characters.

“Here, by treading in the almost visible footsteps of wisdom and genius, they learn to be great themselves, and to leave behind, for successive generations, the added impulses of their own fame, that so, the national mind, ever gathering power to go on, may, in an immeasurable sweep of light, be shot into futurity.

“Is it, indeed, mere fanciful language to say

that around me, as I walk and ponder, the spirits of the Living-Dead speak to my spirit? Though the corners of the intellectual earth be familiar with their names, have they not, among these leafy shades, and through the cloisters of yon superb group of academies, more than upon any other place on earth, breathed out their all but palpable essence? Can I stand at Newton's casement, and not lift up my eyes, as if with him, in reverential daring towards the deserts of space? Can I, by his side who sung of Heaven and Hell, sit under his time-worn tree, and not catch some echo of the imaginings that at one moment brought him angels' whispers from the bowers of Paradise, and, at another, the thunders of God, rolled over the serene of Heaven, or launched after the rebellious, down the 'vast profound,'—the bellowing horror—the rattling of the wheels of Almighty war—the clash of the shields and spears—'the triumph and the shouting?'

“In many situations, England, may thy character be estimated; amid thy thronged resorts of commerce, in thy senates, in the countless streets of thy empress-city, or amid the teeming perfection of thy fields. But here is the ground

from which to obtain, in one look, a grand though shadowy picture of all that thou art!—Here thy past and present blend into a mighty mass—a giant shape! Here we recollect and distinguish the seedling minds that, transplanted one by one, from their academic nurseries into the broad gardens of the land, have yielded fruit and increase, ten times tenfold, until at last, through all varieties of its growth, intellect flourishes!

“From one or other of these seventeen colleges went forth the greater number of the men who have digested the laws that give thee peace and security at home; who exerted the wisdom that often saved thee from foreign enemies; who cultivated and spread around the science that, through every sinew of thy frame, now sends multiplied power; who vindicated against sceptics and scoffers the religious doctrines that comfort thee; who built up thy learned name into a tower of strength unto the world; and who, mindful of the classic garlands that beautify the awful brows of Antiquity, wove for *thy* brows a chaplet of unequalled song!

“At my first glance to thee, ancient Pembroke,

(‘*Oh, Domus antiqua et religiosa!*’*) what names occur! Ridley, Edmund Spencer, William Pitt! The ‘*Fui Caius—Vivit post funera virtus,*’ of thy second patron, old Gonville, is not more true of himself than of the succeeding minds it must have helped to form—of Jeremy Taylor, of Thurlow, and of him whose memory must fitly live to the last pulse-throb of civilized life—William Harvey! Thy magnificent chapel, King’s! fresh as a work of yesterday, from the chisels of the fifteenth century, o’er-towers not the recollection of Waller, of Walpole, and of Camden:—Erasmus alone, of all her other boasts, suffices for thy Queen-sister: Latimer, John Milton, Porteus, and Paley, will keep thee in mind, venerable Christ’s! Thou, too, St. John’s, dost speak to us of the glories of intellect in wonderful diversity: by the side of thy profound and subtle Burleigh, calculating his nation’s strength to resist an Armada, we see ‘Rare Ben,’ chuckling over the country epistle from his brother dramatist, that pleasingly renewed all they had seen ‘done at the Mer-

* Queen Elizabeth’s well-known exclamation at first seeing Pembroke College.

maid;' Philips indites to his Amaryllis from the same bower in which Stillingfeet laboriously plans his folios: at the next glance we see, side by side, Otway, weeping over his Monimia, and Lee busy in mechanical combinations: the mathematician, Ludlam, then stands hand in hand with him, who in his '*Alma-Mater*' did not forget thee; and between Hammond and Mason, and—let him not be omitted—poor Kirke White, appears the philosophic front of John Horn Tooke. And as for thee, aristocratic Trinity! can thy children, to the remotest generation, pace thy lofty hall, and not experience the highest sentiments of reverence, love of wisdom, and ambition of fame? Let them but look around, and who are they that watch them from thy walls, or speak to them in the silence of study?—Bacon, Coke, Cowley, 'Glorious John,' Porson, and, itself a starry galaxy—Isaac Newton!

“I have not enumerated all the names that ennoble thee, proud Cambridge; and yet, are there not here enough? what Englishman, calling them up as I do, must not feel proud that he is an Englishman?—and can any man of any other country, pondering the same thoughts, fail to regret his claims to that title?—most of

all, can one connected with thy unfamed as well as unfortunate Island-sister, avoid feeling impatient of the accidental tie that thus half keeps him, England, from perfect identity with thee, and with the glories and the pride of thy name?

“But may not such a man take advantage of his original claims to thee, his early education, almost nursing on thy bosom, his innate sympathy with every thing that is thine, and abandoning, with indifference or disgust, though perhaps with some regret, a connexion which only embarrasses him, fix his foot proudly on English soil, and cry, “I also am an Englishman!”

Gerald, treading loftier as he ended his reverie, gained his chambers, and soon after, those of a friend in Trinity, who, upon that day, entertained a dinner party. Among the guests were three or four Irishmen, egotistically vain of their country, and ostentatious of the display of a certain genteel swagger of manner; which characterised, though, I allow, in a stronger shape, some of their compatriots coeval with Fighting Fitzgerald, and which is, perhaps, not quite worn down amongst themselves at the present day:—it may, indeed, be almost always

detected, however highly it is polished, when English gentlemen and Irish gentlemen come closely together.

My hero had not before observed it, and now, particularly in the continuance of his late mood, it seemed disagreeably apparent. Not even approaching to unseemliness, properly speaking, this peculiarity was marked by perhaps a pacing gait, or an air of the head, or a rapidity or bluntness of assertion, or a quickness of tone (to say nothing of brogue), that Gerald knew not well how to criticise, or did not care to lose time in criticising, except by the one epithet—Irish. Even the national vivacity of his new acquaintances, their play of eye and countenance, their humour, sometimes their wit, had an engrossing, eager, exhibiting way with it, which, he thought, sprang from a resolve to appear important, where there was a chance of appearing the contrary. It was the brisk assertion of doubtful claims; uncasiness making itself easy; in fact, Irishmen anticipating equality, if not more, with Englishmen. “Cannot these men sit quieter, and sometimes sip their wine, without interrupting their own good things, and talk a little less loud, and, in a word, do as others

do?" he asked himself: "Cannot they perceive, in the persons of their English associates, that a gentleman who has no fears concerning his own respectability, ceases to trouble his head about it: always assured, however, that his very composure on the subject gives the best evidence of his claims?"

And some time after, he made another reflection:—"If these men, who are not mere Irish either, for they are Protestants, and of English derivation—and hark! how they blunder and squabble amongst themselves about the great bone of contention, Catholic Emancipation—but if they have learned all this at home, what, upon his own soil, must be the genuine Hibernian—papist, politician, and with an O to his name?"

As the night advanced, Gerald was strengthened in his disinclination to be intimate with his Irish companions. First, it appeared, that, after volunteering some common national toasts, such as "Erin-go-bragh," or "Ireland, the right arm of England," &c. they began, during quick revolutions of the wine, to deprive themselves, inch by inch, of almost all the ground for love of country which, it might well be sup-

posed, had previously supplied their position. They called the peasantry of Ireland besotted in superstition, indolent, savage, and treacherous; their priests, illiterate, clownish, bigoted, officious, and an incubus on the mind of the country; the middle ranks of the Catholics, who were starting into professional, or mercantile, or agricultural importance, they described as pert, or rude, or vain, or ill-mannered: they admitted that there was no living quietly or even safely in their beloved country; and that, in fact, one had better live any where else on the face of the earth; so that having thus denounced about three parts in four of the population of Ireland, and farther proved it to be the best place in the world to live out of, the previous reasons for their patriotism seemed rather debateable. "They would, if they knew how," Gerald continued to think, "assert themselves what I am, English-Irish; at all events, when even they admit such good causes for it, I can well afford to defend my principles."

"The small hours," as the Hibernians called them, continued to strike on, and other things, more national, appeared in their conduct. One got so inconvenienced with wine, that his fellow-

countrymen were obliged, with much loud merriment, to bear him off, between them, to his chambers. Having returned to their host, and sat about an hour longer, no one at table, although they were not yet quite inebriated, talked a tenth part so much as they. Their theme, too, was local Irish politics, little interesting to English gentlemen; and "a difference of opinion," as defined by Sir Lucius, soon occurring, they quite monopolized the conversation, and at last two of them really quarrelled. With feelings of mixed indignation and shame, Gerald saw the chambers of his high-born, well-balanced English friend, become the arena for nonsensical discussion, and still more silly altercation, between a few abrupt, though high-blooded, Irishmen, too. None of the English portion—the majority—of the company thought it worth while to interfere; and one of the disputants stalked away, muttering to his antagonist threats of a reckoning in the morning.

At length the whole party broke up, and Gerald was, against his will, compelled to walk towards Queen's, with the two Irishmen not yet disposed of; they and he were members of that college.

Upon the way they would call to inquire after the friend whom, some hours before, they had helped to remove from table and deposit in bed, and Gerald was strongly pressed to accompany them. He did so from a watchful curiosity. They knocked loudly at the outer door of their friend's apartment; sleepy groans answered them. They increased their noise, and at last awoke the disturbed snorer, who, without stirring, exhorted them—to go to the devil.

The college had been undergoing some slight repairs; they procured large stones in the court, and, in one crash, stove in the pannel of the outer door, until the lock of the inner one appeared, with the key turned in the keyhole. One of them then displayed a phial of some offensive-smelling drug; spilt it on a coil of tow; introduced the tow thus saturated through the key-hole, applied a candle to it, and awaited the result. From what *did* result, it would seem that the still half-tipsy sleeper had been provoked beyond the bounds of temper, or, indeed, sanity, by the atrocious fumigation that soon reached him. He must have staggered, very carefully, out of bed, and with almost savage

precaution arranged his measures of vengeance ; for those abroad did not catch the sound of his motions until, suddenly, the lock shot back, and through the partially-opened door came the snap and flash—fortunately but in the pan—of a pistol. “And this,” said Gerald, as, much shocked and disgusted, he turned homeward, leaving his companions to settle their affairs as they could—“this, I suppose, I am to regard as a model of Irish humour and hilarity.”

Before retiring to bed he sat down, late as it was, to revise the heads of a speech which he intended to deliver, the next evening, at the Union Debating Society, when the question proposed for debate was the policy of England towards Ireland. Some arguments in advocacy of Irish pretensions to a more liberal policy, which in a benevolent humour Gerald had previously arranged, he now felt half inclined to leave out. But he reflected that, although he had just got good cause to be vexed with individuals of the country, the principles previously weighed remained unaltered ; and, checking his impatience with his better judgment, he laid down his emendating pen, and went to rest.

Upon the following evening the debate was

opened, to a thronged meeting, by Gerald's young host of the preceding night. The speaker's first step was to show, that in the legislation of this country for Ireland, particularly since the reign of Henry VIII. as well as in the conduct of the English Lords of the Pale, Lord-deputies, or Lord-lieutenants, almost down to the present day, the sister country had been rather coerced than invited, rather driven than led into a connexion. This stated, the speaker then endeavoured to prove that different measures might have better succeeded in leaving, at the present hour, that connexion in a more settled and happy, and, for the interests of both countries, advantageous state. Conciliation would, he argued, from the nature of things, have proved better policy than coercion. It would also have formed a generous and noble policy. And, he concluded by endeavouring to convince his hearers that, apart either from strict political speculations, or the attention of Englishmen to their own sense of national interest and honour, Ireland, from the outset, had deserved the treatment he would recommend.

From the little Gerald knew, and the much he imagined of Irish self-opinion, he believed

that few of his genuine countrymen would have felt greatly indebted to this vein of advocacy. The high English feeling which ran through it, seemed, even in the very effort at vindication, to acknowledge how little Ireland had ever yet done towards commanding the respect, and, through it, the considerate indulgence of England. Sincere as was the speaker, he seldom warmed in his subject, as if he doubted either its possible effect on his audience, or its want of materials to enable him to convince his hearers. He appeared aware that those who followed him rather condescended to do so, than believed themselves called on even to discuss such a question. His charges against English deputies and generals were timid, or made in the abstract; and when he strove to urge the claims of Ireland, it was by appealing to the lofty minds and virtuous hearts of Englishmen, to assist him in discovering such claims; thus arming national pride against national prejudice, sooner than run the risk of pleading the cause of Ireland upon merits of her own.

“The honourable opener” sat down amid few plaudits, and was followed and replied to by an M. A., many years his elder, who, in a very

matured style of oratory, mixed with cutting satire, seemed, if the cheers of the assembly were evidence, completely to dispose of the subject.

He denied that the firm measures adopted by this country to keep her footing in Ireland ever came under the name of coercion. 'They naturally sprang up in self-defence, from the continued turbulence, breach of faith, and atrocities committed, century after century, upon the English settlers of the Pale, and afterwards upon the English settlers every where spread through Ireland. In this view, no policy but a strong and severe one could have emanated from British councils, unless Englishmen would consent to show themselves pusillanimous in the face of savage violence;—no—not even for the sake of the honied epithets with which the honourable mover was willing to disguise what must have been the real designation of the policy he proposed. As to the merits of Ireland, in this question—the point could scarce be approached without a laugh. The answer given to the honourable opener's first proposition, contained an answer to that. If the strong policy of England had always been called forth by a succession of Irish misconduct, where were the

claims of Ireland to a different policy? To this day, where were her claims? In loyalty, in civilization, in learning, in arts, or manufactures, where were they?—Must we turn to 1798, or even to Captain Rock, of 18—, for an answer to the former part of the question; to T. C. D. for an answer to the next part of it; and to the linen looms of the colonial and Protestant North, the only looms in Ireland, for an answer to the last?

Though Gerald felt this speech, as it has been described, one indicative of oratorical power and facility in the speaker, he also felt that, considered by itself, and applied to the subject in hand, it was deficient in depth, in information, in philosophy, and even in reflection. The accomplished M. A. confessedly one of the best-prepared speakers on other occasions, had not, he thought, vouchsafed to muster, for the present one, much in addition to the general and sometimes loose notions and facts with which, upon Irish questions, Englishmen are often contented. It showed, therefore, in detail, commonplace invective, recollected from school-books, or from histories read in boyhood, or, since that time, unconsciously gleaned out of pamphlets,

newspaper "leaders," or occasional conversations. And yet, although thus meagre in matter, it struck him as delivered in a feeling of superiority to all objections, such as should legitimately mark only the infelt possession of extensive knowledge and lengthened deliberation. Perhaps, spite of himself, his Irish blood preponderated over its English admixture, when, for a moment, he accused the speech of some haughty indifference to a thorough intimacy with its subject, growing out of a too-English contempt for Ireland, and an over-readiness to believe in national infallibility. Yet he really objected more to the want of material it evinced, than to the principles it asserted: to its almost audacious jumping upon conclusions, than to the conclusions themselves—provided the speaker had entitled himself to make them. For, above all other considerations, Gerald was sufficiently English to feel a degree of personal pride whenever England's character was properly upheld.

He rose third in the debate, and almost without agreeing with the first speaker, or conflicting with the second, delivered an oration expressive of his own long-cherished views on the question. We are prepared to expect that the policy Gerald at once recommended from Eng-

land towards Ireland was that which should, by all possible means, tend to make the people of Ireland "English-Irish." In this light, such policy ought to be free from every thing that, by irritating the Irish against the English, could keep up a feeling of national dislike, and consequently perpetuate national distinctions, and thereby check the progress of his plan. If a perfectly good understanding between the two people were first created, all the stations of superiority which England holds would soon beget a zeal of emulation among her neighbours; assimilation would ensue, and with it, Ireland would lose her distinct character, and grow into what she ought to be—and what it is the interest of both countries she should really become—one large, integral portion of England. So far, Gerald carried with him all his auditors. When however, he began to suggest in what instances his good-natured policy must show itself; when he asserted that it should dispense with penal restrictions or precautions, many murmurs interrupted him; and no sooner had he uttered the words "Catholic Emancipation," than he was greeted with a chorus of groans. In vain did he explain that this part of his system went to tear up by the roots Irish Catholicism itself;

that hitherto restrictions had provoked that religion into its present predominance in Ireland; while if left to its own chance, without the important stimulus of state-jealousy, it might now be even numerically insignificant. All that Gerald could say was of no avail to silence the disapprobation of his zealous though indeed not numerous opponents.

After he had sat down, many inferior speeches were made, which tired him, as well with the orators as with the subject. Amongst those, Ireland had her advocates in common with her accusers; but the shallowness of both, whether in eulogy or blame, defence, or vituperation, was equally obvious. Some spoke set essays, supplied mostly by a yearning imagination; the theme looked poetical, and they would try their flowery sentences on it: and some allowed to escape them a tirade of every-day bigotry, not extenuated even by the boyish faults of fancy; they were going into the church, and would not miss such an occasion to show their shallow zeal. Altogether, the want of real information, or, as before observed, even thought, in the debate, surprised Gerald; and, so far as he yet had an Irish feeling to be wrought upon, humiliated

him. For, this want did not arise from any lack of ability to remedy it, in the debaters, but purely from a lack of interest, and the habit of not paying attention to Irish concerns. While he could smile, therefore, at the violent ignorance of an embryo church dignitary, he was more than ever ashamed of his paternal country, which did not command, among the more liberal of his associates, sufficient acquirement to put the fool down. Nor did he think himself at liberty to be angry with his friends on account of their habitual indifference on the point: "For," ruminated Gerald, "Ireland presents such a mass of confused and disagreeable matter to the eye of an inquirer, originally uninterested about her, that we may well excuse the natural inclination to ease and pleasure with which he turns from the task of exploring and arranging the heap, to continue mental pursuits that have always brought him enjoyment."

CHAPTER VI.

THE day upon which it is necessary that Gerald should again come before the reader, occurs nearly two years after the time of the last chapter, when he appears deeply interested in the perusal of a letter received from his brother.

“MY DEAR GERALD,

“Now, at least, in the possession of all the college honours and titles a gentleman of your rank need desire to attain, we cannot help feeling anxious for your arrival in town. You seem, yourself, quite aware that no more time should be lost in deciding upon your future course: and while none of your friends feel inclined in the least degree to bias your choice, it is only natural for all of them to wish the choice made. If you retain your predilection for the bar, pray

let us soon have the pleasure of seeing you dining in Lincoln's Inn. Should your thoughts have, since we last spoke together, turned towards an official life, the path is open for you. Indeed, I can say as much, as well from my own little interest, resulting from my peer's seat, as from the assurances of our friends high in office. In either case, we trust you will speedily bring your talents—(amongst them your oratorical ones not forgotten)—to an honourable trial, by going into the Lower House for one of the boroughs to which I am so anxious to nominate you.

“By the end of the approaching recess, at all events, we hope to see you fairly started towards whatever goal your deliberations may propose as a fit object of accomplished ambition; and, as a preparatory step, your farewell to the academic shades of old Cambridge, and your appearance amongst us, are, I repeat, every day looked for.

“Augusta, though I hope perfectly re-established in health, goes once more to Ireland this morning. She travels with the young and pretty Lady Cox, whom you met in town a few months ago, spending the first months after

marriage with her lively, though quite Irish fox-hunter, Sir Richard ;—(by the way, Gerald, you admitted that the almost childish bride *was* pretty.) But though Augusta only *speaks* of passing some time with this happy pair in Dublin, and afterwards at their country-seat, I fear, indeed I believe, she will not return to England without paying as long a visit, at least, to her old friends the Knightlys ; for, unfortunately, as I understand, the baronet's mansion and Mr. Knightly's great farm-house are not far asunder. I have not lately, any more than yourself, preached to Augusta on the head of her rooted predilections ; it is not part of our system towards an only and dearly-loved sister, afflicted as she has been, to wound her even misdirected feelings ; and then, she is too good and gentle to be scared with a parade of paternal authority ; to say nothing of her being now almost her own mistress—for Augusta is nearly twenty. Let us hope, notwithstanding her long intimacy in an Irish circle, not even of the higher class, that her previous English education, the superintendence of the English governess who, after your visit to Devonshire, accompanied her to Ireland, and her late introduction among fashionable people here, will not leave much, if any

thing, to disquiet us on her account, or on our own. Indeed, have we not agreed, when you were last in town, that, excepting only a few slight peculiarities, our sister was all that a high-born and accomplished woman need be ?

“ Perhaps my real uneasiness on account of Augusta’s present journey to Ireland, arises from the increasing disturbance and misery of that turbulent and most miserable country. For, by the latest information received in London, Captain Rock has just acquired, particularly in the southern counties, a formidable colleague in his devastations. Famine and he now co-operate among the hills, and bogs, and deserts of Ireland ; while disease, plague, in fact, under the name of typhus fever, may be said to bring up their rear. Yet, here in England, it seems a plentiful and healthy season. What peculiar curse can have blasted the crops, and, above all, the potatoe crop, of green Erin ?

“ My letters from my Irish agent, are ample evidence to *me* of the state of things I describe. No rents ; no lease-premiums ; no renewal-premiums. In some instances, he in vain ejects the cotters and small farmers, who will not pay him a shilling ; for either the ground remains unlet, or Captain Rock shoots, burns, or drives away,

a new tenant. In other instances, illegal possession is kept, and, again under the patronage of the doughty chieftain, the law of the dear land becomes dead letter. So much to gratify your lurking interest about Irish affairs. I will add, that a renewed discussion of the Catholic Claims comes on after the recess; and, so far as, with certain barriers still unremoved, success can be anticipated, the friends of the measure are sanguine.

“Will you not think of qualifying yourself to take a part, if only by voting, in a question that I know you have considered? Come to us then, prays,

My dear Gerald,

Your brother and friend,

CLANGORE.”

“Yes, indeed, I *did* think her pretty—very pretty,” was the first reflection with which, strange as it may seem, Gerald laid down this epistle, nor did his thoughts engage him in other topics, till he had added—“Certainly the best specimen of an English-Irish lady, educated and living in Ireland, I have seen; for all her tastes, or rather propensities, were

English: what a pity she had not an English husband;" and perhaps an impudent though faint piece of vanity, suggesting to him that the young Lady Cox had seemed, during the short period of their acquaintance, to reciprocate the good opinion he had evinced of her, formed the conclusion of Gerald's reveries on this point.

"The law is a fine profession," was his next mental soliloquy: "to say nothing of its rank in old France, its Court influence, and its order of Knighthood, we have the names of Lyttleton, Coke, Mansfield, Thurlow, Erskine, to ennoble it at home. The only thing I cannot understand in it is, how a man shall state, for a guinea, as truth and fact, what he even suspects to be falsehood or subterfuge; or how, after pleading to-day the cause of oppressed innocence, or of outraged virtue, he can stand up to-morrow the infelt apologist of tyranny, vice, or profligacy. Allowing its full force to the term *professional* advocacy; allowing him to be but the machine through which a bad or false client chooses to make certain assertions; still he is a *conscious* machine; still he *knows* such assertions to be founded in fallacy, or

worse; so that, after all, that is the very problem I cannot solve. And it becomes more enigmatical, when we suppose this professional machine endowed with commanding professional talents, which must send strongly recommended to a jury-box the worst cause he may state—merely state; for, in this view, he is not only the speaking machine of a bad principle, but, to all intents and purposes, the aider and abettor of vice—the promoter of its possible success. Again: supposing, in any one instance, such success attained; suppose the oppressor of the widow or of the orphan triumphant in his false though ingenious arguments, conveyed through the *conscious* and *helping* advocate; in what self-applause, in what self-estimation, in what peace of heart and dignity of mind, can that advocate come home from the forensic arena and sit down among his family and friends? The kind of man I have before my imagination is possessed, naturally, of honour, of simple, unargumentative honour;—by what process of the most subtle the most professional casuistry, shall he quite convince himself that, partly by his agency, the widow's tears that moment do not flow

and the orphan's cries do not that moment rise up before another tribunal? These, however," added Gerald, "are not charges, but loose notions, merely: I will speak, the first opportunity, to some really high-minded man amongst them, who must have to consider my questions every day; perhaps he can satisfy me."

Meantime he felt no disinclination to consider the alternative of an official life, proposed by his brother, Lord Clangore.

"A man can be eminently useful in the service of his country," he continued, "and Parliament presents an opportunity for showing claims for getting on; but I will go into office, and into the House, too, unrestricted by the political principles of my friends;"—he rose and walked to his window, strong in the thought—"that is, if I go at all into either. We shall see; I'll satisfy Walter, and be visible in town at once; there, a few words can settle it, better than a year's debating here—come! and now for the world at last!"

Such of my readers as vividly recollect the almost agitating egotism in which they have first received or adopted plans for their great change

from the theoretic bustle of youth to the real business of life, will understand Gerald's sensations, as, step after step, round his chamber, he continued to pace himself through all the important possibilities of manhood. His nerves seemed to knit stronger, his head grew more erect, his brows bent in anticipated abstrusiveness; events to come, in their elementary confusion at least, appeared to buzz and roll through his brain. Many situations of effort and responsibility started up before his imagination, of which the whole accomplishment and discharge rested on his shoulders—and promptly and energetically, and with surprising success, did he see himself act in all.

It is a delightful hour, as delightful in recollection as in experience, and that does not often happen, when the young, ingenuous, and gifted mind, just spreading its pinions for flight from the flowery verge of philosophy into the barren truths of things, thus waves them to and fro, in real strength, although in but fanciful achievement !

In his abridged prospect of all he might be called on to do, Gerald did not forget the challenging situation of Ireland; but, after a few

calmer thoughts in detail upon that subject, and a reference to the facts of his brother's letter, he could but say, "wretched country!" and turn from it, once more to plunge into his more general reveries.

"Ay, wretched, wretched country!" Gerald resumed, as, upon his coming up to town from Cambridge, which speedily followed the receipt of Lord Clangore's letter, he saw, from the windows of his carriage, whilst whirled through the northern outskirts of the city, bill after bill, placard after placard, posted, or borne on polls, on men's shoulders, of which the large, inch-long capital letters of each proclaimed—"FAMINE IN IRELAND;—" "Public meeting."

"The affluent and happy of affluent and happy England, will now subscribe a million and half;" he said; "and yet, as soon as the scarce-felt donation has been bestowed, know as little of the causes, whatever they may be, which, in this appalling effect, call for an exercise of their mixed benevolence and pride—(yes, Rochefoucauld, thou art right in thy theory of mixed motives)—as they have done during nearly eight hundred years, of—to say the best of it,—disgusting connexion between the two Islands:

know?" continued Gerald, with a sigh, made up, as was the philosophy he praised, of blended sentiments—"ay ! or care, either."

Proceeding along Oxford-street towards Grosvenor-square, some obstruction, caused by the crossing and entanglement of vehicles of every description, occurred, and, while he stood still, Gerald was able more attentively to regard some of the bills posted at either hand. Out of many, one particularly caught his eye. It was the play-bill of an actor, notorious for much besides great acting, and ran something in the following style;—"Theatre Royal:—Distressed Irish. Mr. ———, in noticing his Benefit for Wednesday next, the 18th of — begs leave to announce, that it is his intention to evince his gratitude for the frequent and warm-hearted support experienced at the hands of an Irish public, by appropriating one-half of the receipts of that forthcoming benefit towards the relief of the present sufferers in Ireland."

"Drive on, Sir!" cried Gerald, as soon as he had glanced over the sad stuff—"why do you stop?—This is too bad;" sinking back on his seat. And contempt for the impudent and, with all its stately-affected sentiment, the heart-

less flourish of the actor, mingled with some Irish feelings not yet perfectly subdued in his bosom. "What! can the unhappy country be indeed fallen so low as, in the face of a British people, to allow of this speculating charity?—Drive on, Sir."—The meeting between the brothers, a few moments afterwards, was kindly and brother-like.

They began to speak, almost immediately, about Gerald's views and pursuits; Gerald decided, to the manifest gratification of Lord Clangore, in favour of an official life. Their distinguished countryman, the Minister, stood in need of a private secretary; had intimated to Lord Clangore a wish to confer the situation on his brother; an interview the next morning might at once settle the matter: and under no other auspices did it seem likely that a young candidate for public honours, of the description aimed at by Gerald, could start with such hopes of success.

"His Lordship does not forget the political alliance and personal friendship he engaged in, at an early period of life, with our father, Gerald:" continued Lord Clangore—"With regard to me, he has already shown his recollec-

tion of it ; perhaps you will find him still more zealous on your behalf : besides, he respects your talents, and esteems your character."

"I will study to make some return for the honour his Lordship does me, Walter ; but——"

"And only ask yourself, what other political tutor living is, all circumstances considered, so happily qualified to commence and advance your political education ?"—resumed Lord Clangore, his vivacity, if nothing else, producing an interruption of Gerald's "but."

"I quite agree, Walter."

"Then, immediately after the approaching recess, you can, as I before told you, step into your seat in the House ; and so go on, practically and theoretically, together."

"Still I have to thank all my friends, and you among the number. Let me add, however, that I bring certain opinions—at least on the subject of our paternal country—into whatever situation I may have the honour to fill."

"Very well—of course you do."

"Some, indeed, in which you, for instance, do not happen to agree with me."

"To be sure : every man is entitled to his opinions in every situation ; that is, if they are

not very much opposed to the duties he binds himself to perform."

"Pray, now, allow me to understand you, Walter. My vote, if nothing else, must always go for the full rescinding of—"

"The laws against Roman Catholics," again interrupted Lord Clangore:—"so it can."

"Yes; but as you vote the other way, I suppose my notions on this question may not be thought compatible with the discharge of—as you just now said—the duties of any office I may hereafter hold."

"I see no incompatibility in the matter. The minister himself is on your side."

"I did not forget he was; yet I doubted if either by him or by the majority of his cabinet colleagues, it would be thought strict etiquette, openly to recruit forces for a division-night."

"Neither they nor he see much in it, I believe," said Lord Clangore, with a slight expression of official closeness of meaning—Gerald paused a moment, and quickly asked—

"Our distinguished friend is, of course, to the fullest extent, in earnest upon this question?"

"Of course—to the fullest *possible* extent."

“Do you express him or yourself, Walter, in that parenthetical ‘possible?’”

“Perhaps only my own strong opinions were indicated by it; speak to the minister on this point to-morrow, Gerald; that will be the better way.”

“I will. The doubts and fluctuations of ‘possibility,’” continued Gerald, “are not contemplated, I should think, where *a pledge* is given.”

“Come, come, reserve your case of conscience till to-morrow, I say:—now you are otherwise to engage yourself; we do not dine at home; for many days you have been included, with me, in an invitation for a small friendly dinner-party to the Secretary for the——; where, I believe, along with Lord Harmer, the Bishop of——, and others of our true English-Irish cast, we shall meet the clever young Scotchman who writes so variously and well;—bustle; the carriage already draws up.”

The Secretary’s lady being at a watering-place, Gerald, in about half an hour, formed one of a dinner-party exclusively made up of his own sex.

The brothers found their host in his drawing-room, which by the introduction of a pile of books, reviews, pamphlets and manuscripts, all lying round him, or at the table to which he sat, he seemed, in the thus outraged absence of the gentler portion of his family, to have half transformed into an occasional library, or, it might be, office. When the servant threw open the door, he appeared writing, very rapidly, and at the same time conversing with several gentlemen who were seated near him, or standing at the windows of the apartment.

The first of these persons that fixed Gerald's glance was easily recognizable as the church dignitary mentioned by Lord Clangore. The Bishop's face, stature and air were imposing; health spoke out on his cheek, and spirit, if not command, or an inclination to command, in his eye. Beside him sat Lord Harmer, a very gentlemanlike old man, and with features that in youth must have been handsome; now, however, his stilled blue eye, and a disposition in his lower jaw to send his chin dropping on his breast, betokened perhaps as much feebleness as amiability of character; but when he

rose to return Gerald's bow, as the Secretary presented them to each other, the great suavity of his manner ensured full respect.

The individual next named to the brothers, for both had previously been unacquainted with him, was Mr. Gore, from the county of—— in Ireland. Gerald thought he should have discovered the gentleman's country without a verbal notification of it. At a first view, there was about him a sufficient portion of the elegant display of features and manner to which, particularly at Cambridge, our hero had been accustomed, in the persons of his Hibernian fellow-students. He rose up to his full height, and that was commanding, gracefully assumed his best position; and, all the while that his round ruddy face glowed with smiles, and his expressive mouth insinuatingly curved up at one side, slid off a bow so exploded although so easy, that nothing but his absence from court during the last five or six years could have well excused it; and Gerald deemed, so much having been done, there was an end, for the present, to civilities; but Mr. Gore, again assuming his full height, and stepping to the brothers with

something of the noble style which Watteau has so well imparted to his minuet-moving old gallants, possessed himself, I cannot say unceremoniously, for it was the very perfection of polite ceremony, of a hand of each, and in rich, not vulgar, Irish, made a handsome speech.

“ My dear Lord Clangore—my dear Mr. Blount, how happy to have the honour of meeting you—knew your distinguished and amiable father well, before his political duties placed him—highly for the advantage of his country, though much to the regret of his early friends, here in England ;—have been so fortunate to be presented to your accomplished sister, at my particular friend’s—Sir Richard Cox’s house, in Dublin—and often heard her speak, in delightful vivacity, of the brothers Lady Augusta esteems so warmly : Mrs. Gore and the Misses Gore also had the honour—”

Taking advantage of a little pause, one of many that Mr. Gore usually made during his soft, measured way of speaking, Gerald, who in common with his brother had not yet heard from Lady Augusta, since her last journey to Ireland, asked how his sister did, if indeed,

Mr. Gore meant a very recent meeting with her in Dublin ?

Yes,—Mr. Gore meant a very recent meeting, indeed ; one of little more than two days old : it was his good fortune to meet Lady Augusta the very evening she arrived in Dublin, and she did indeed seem, after a little rest, quite refreshed, quite spirited and happy ; for, Mr. Gore continued, “ he had himself got to London but this very morning ; hurrying, in fact,” and here his melodious voice sunk into a lower key, “ to present himself, with the assistance of such kind friends as he could presume would do him a favour, to an official personage, concerning an official vacancy that had suddenly occurred at the other side of the water, and about which he would perhaps by and by snatch a disengaged moment to speak more to Lord Clangore.”

Bowing acquiescence to this intimation, Lord Clangore turned with a “ Ha ! Horsemantown ! ” to a young nobleman about his own age, but, for his years, rather encumbered with flesh, who came from the recess of a window, slowly and somewhat pokingly, to accost him ; “ I did

not expect you would have so soon come over, this year."

"Nor I," answered Lord Horsemantown, gravely.

"How does Lord Vesey?"

"My father was well when I left him;" still very seriously.

"And how go on the crucibles and the alkalis, and the grand elixir?" demanded Gerald, who was also intimate with his lordship.

"I've got through no experiments, lately," he was answered; the good-humoured satire of Gerald's question being either unnoticed, or, by the time the answer came, forgotten; or perhaps it had never reached the young and noble chemist.

"By the way, Horsemantown, that business of my last letter to Augusta turned out a sad affair."

"How do you mean?"

"Surely you cannot forget that, at her request, you *solemnly* promised to receive in Ireland, under cover for her, all the epistles I should write her from Cambridge?"

"No;—I remember that."

“ And, you know, you were to frank them and forward them, in course ?”

“ Yes.”

“ Did you strictly keep your covenant ?”

“ There *was* one letter, I believe,” ruminated his lordship, aloud, as he bent his eyes in an effort upon the carpet : and he said no more.

“ Yes, and it lay on your table two months, I believe,” continued Gerald.

“ I don’t know how it could have happened, then ; scarce a morning passed that I did not see it on the library table, and make up my mind to frank it ; Lord Vesey often heard me say so. I’ve been really much to blame, but cannot account for it ;” and joining his hands with a little difficulty behind his back, he took two steps towards the window from which he had made his appearance, threw up his eyes and chin, and earnestly gazed out at the sky.

“ Account for it ! who expected that ?” asked a low middle-aged gentleman, habited, not smartly, in black, turning round from another window where he had been tête-a-tête with a fine-looking, pale-cheeked, pale-browed person ; and, as he spoke, his sharp tones, and the set elevation of the muscle that raised his nostrils,

might betoken a man who, easily situated in life, is included in friendly dinner-parties for the privileged good things to which, without particular nicety to our sensitive feelings, he may choose to give utterance. Meantime his face, taken together, was not devoid of as much natural kindness as its cynical habits allowed it to retain : and Gerald further perceived from his accent, and, indeed, from his uncere- monious, sometimes abrupt manner, that he was more purely English than the bland Mr. Gore, at least.

“ Let my good young friend alone, Gunning,” said the Secretary, not looking up from the ruled paper which, occasionally glancing into books at either hand, he continued rapidly to cover with bold and dashing writing, that, to Gerald’s sympathizing eye, bespoke original composition thrown off at the instant. There was ridicule in his tone, though, his friends would aver, good-nature in the motive for his words. Indeed, it was said that the Secretary thought kindly towards every human being ; only he had a bad way of showing it. And, “ yes, bishop,” he resumed in a breath ; “ as you were saying, it is a great bore to write in one country, and print

in another :” and still he pursued his seemingly necessary task of filling sheet after sheet.

“ So much so,” answered the dignitary, “ at least, after my experience of the fact, that I will never write again, unless, by some happy chance, my duties in Ireland allow, for a season, my attendance in London while the sheets go through the press.”

“ Yet some of the folks, in Ireland, could sometimes spare your lordship,” observed Mr. Gore, with his fine and insinuating smile.

“ *Spare !*” cried the Secretary, while an expression, elucidating his half-punnish application of the word, relaxed the sombre official cast of his not unclassic features : “ Spare ! no—if those said ‘ some ’ had the bishop amongst them on a hill-side in the county of Tipperary—ask Daniel their man. But I believe acting on your experience of ‘ the trade,’—as the publishing and printing people call themselves—we owe your present appearance amongst us to an anxiety to preside over your announced third edition, Bishop.”

“ I am, indeed, in London, duteously attending the pleasure of these gentlemen, for that purpose.”

“How stupid I was,” whispered Gerald to Mr. Priestly, the pale, grand-looking person before noticed as having been in conversation with Mr. Gunning.

“*Was !*” interrupted Gunning, close at hand. Gerald smiled, as bound to do, at the intended smartness, and proceeded—“how could I, after finishing only yesterday the perusal of his theological work, forget the dignatorial title of its author?”

“And while you but overlook your sheets at your leisure,” continued the Secretary, after the Bishop’s last word, “here am I compelled to do a little seeming rudeness, some of you may say affectation, while, in half an hour snatched from the more serious business of the day, I try to keep my promise—forced from me indeed—to send Murray a sheet this evening, for his ‘ever-gaping-wide-mouthed-waddling’ Quarterly.”

“Oh, friends who know your responsibilities will not, as you suppose, think one thing or the other,” resumed the Bishop.

“Besides,” said Mr. Gore, “the Secretary writes so fast, and with such little demand on his

attention, or loss to his friends, that, particularly when the public are to gain so much by it—”

“And the author he is reviewing;” interrupted Gunning, now sitting in the middle of the room, watchfully leaning on his stick.

“No doubt, Sir,” assented Mr. Gore, bowing and smiling: and Gunning and the Secretary sneered answering sneers, though their eyes had not met.

“Yet I doubt if *milady* herself will agree,” he went on.

“Come, Gunning, no allusions,” said the Secretary; “I know you would give a pinch of snuff to ask—not pertinent questions;—but you shall be left in the tortures of curiosity.”

“Well, I am not, at all events, an author in your hands, Secretary;” remarked Gunning.

“Thank heaven for it, my good fellow.”

“How! at escaping *you*?”

“No—’tis a bad trade.”

“Have you always thought so?” asked Gunning; and though no consciousness, not even a shade, came over the well disciplined face of the Secretary, Gerald felt, on his account, some pain at what he thought the rudeness of the question, inasmuch as, to his own honour, and

that of the poor Nine, be it spoken—the secretary stood indebted to a clever local satire, in verse, for a first step towards his present considerable rank and importance in the official department of the first nation in the world.

“Lady Morgan was much annoyed by the Quarterly review of her last book, however,” said the matter-of-fact Lord Horsemantown, solemnly turning round after catching the latter part of this conversation.

The door opening in good time, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Grady, and Mr. Pack, were announced.

“That’s the very clever Scotchman,” said Lord Clangore to his brother, as a handsome young man, wearing clouds of black hair round his almost feminine features, walked across to the Secretary.

“And Mr. Grady is the editor of the evening paper, the——quite a clever person, too; friendly, in his way, to our honourable Secretary.”

“Useful,” emendated Gerald.

“You split words with me still, though you *have* left Alma-mater, at last,” continued his brother, smiling as, with a show of being at home, and yet too many prefatory small bows,

the subject of their remarks glided after his friend Mr. Stewart.

“I should add, Gerald, that the gentleman is, in one important sense, one of us ; English-Irish.”

“And the third gentleman, who stares so straight before him as he approaches his profoundly-respected host ?”

“A kind of little author, too,” supplied the still over-hearing Mr. Gunning ;—“comes from Connaught, they say ; and writes books about it, they say too ;—but I never believed *that* since the last time—and it was also the first time—I heard him *speak* ten words together.”

“Is not your strong opinion uncharitable, to say the least of it, at a first hearing ?” asked Mr. Priestly.

“I’ll die in it, though,” persisted the cynic tranquilly.

As soon as the three new guests had touched hands, Mr. Stewart sat close by the Secretary, quietly looking over, at the request of his friend, some sheets of his writing ; and Mr. Grady and Mr. Pack took chairs at a little distance, both evidently wrapt up in the important person and present pursuits of one of their admit-

ted masters ; although the former continued to show his respect and interest in a less remarkable way than the latter.

"Will it do?" asked the Secretary of Mr. Stewart : and having received, in a low, quick Scotch tone, what must have been a favourable answer, he set down his pen, and continued—"then away with it!—Pack, do touch that bell ;—Grady, oblige me by enveloping all this paper ;—let 's see," pulling out his watch—"ay—the time nicked to a minute ;" a servant appeared, handing a note—"tut, tut," the honourable Secretary went on, as he read it,—“copy, copy, copy ; here 'tis for them : pray use your own seal, Grady ; there ; does dinner wait ?”

The servant answered that it was served.

"Then—but no—let me see!"—and his expressive eyes might have glanced, under their lids, at the admiring faces of Messrs. Grady and Pack—the young Caledonian managed things better than they—"yes—send some one down to Mr. Green's office, and say I wish to see him a moment."—The servant disappeared.

"My friends will excuse me ; I demur as much as any one to what may appear the mix-

ing up together of business and dinnering, or relaxing of any kind ; but we are compelled to some attention to things, for a few weeks, or so. —Oh, Green ;” as the sleek official helper appeared—“ I shall want you to—go down the Mediterranean for me to-morrow ; so you will be in readiness.”—Mr. Green bowed and withdrew ; and at the intimation which speedily followed, all repaired to the dining-room.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM such a group of, with few exceptions, English-Irish as Gerald now sat down amongst, he anticipated much conversation on Ireland and Irish affairs, in reference to English policy ; but he had, at least, to wait some time before his anticipations were gratified. Perhaps most of the company went with him in his mental choice of a subject for discussion, but, from a certain shyness of the very matter that engrossed them, and even with which they were personally concerned, also shared his disinclination to bring it forward.

“ I believe,” he said to himself, “ that amongst Irishmen living *in* England, or *through* England, the last admission comfortable to make to one another is the admission of their Irish derivation. And who can wonder if such is indeed the case ?”

Meantime Gerald was not uninterested with the gradual developement of the characters

of those around him, given in the turn of their opinions on other passing subjects ; nor did some of those opinions fail to engage him for their own sake. But he sat beside Mr. Gunning, who, from the moment he had adjusted his napkin until the dessert appeared, never opened his lips, except to partake of almost every change and remove of viand that came on the table ; not indeed so much after the manner of a mere eater, as after that of an epicure, and one well skilled in kitchen mysteries : so, from him Gerald hoped nothing :— Lord Clangore seemed engrossed by the eloquent and pleasing Mr. Gore (for, notwithstanding some first prejudices, Gerald now thought him very pleasing) ; and perhaps one of the chief topics between them might be connected with the official vacancy before alluded to by that gentleman.

Mr. Stewart talked quickly, and, owing to his habitually low tone and Scottish accent, almost unintelligibly, to the Secretary, across the Bishop of — ; Lord Harmer and Lord Horsemantown sat very quietly together ; the Bishop interchanged short syllables, still across his neighbours, with the interesting Mr.

Priestly; Mr. Grady and Mr. Pack entertained each other; and thus again Gerald was not only obliged to wait for the possible occurrence of the conversation he preferred, but his share in conversation of any kind.

At length, after his second glass of champagne, Mr. Gunning said to him—"How that young man cackles."

The allusion was to Mr. Stewart, and, though severe, induced a smile, for it did a caricature sort of justice, at least, to its subject.

"Now, that 's all about Scotland, and Scotch people," continued Mr. Gunning, who seemed getting into just good-humour enough to be ill-natured; "for they never speak a word about any thing but each other, unless it may be—themselves."

"I like their nationality," said Gerald.

"I don't; I don't like nationality of any kind; least of all, theirs; what has any body to do with it? how can it interest any body?"

"But, as an Englishman, you are yourself national."

"Not a bit: no true Englishman is; no true Englishman cares a fig for England, except so far as it is necessary to him."

"I hope *your* true Englishmen are not numerous."

"I *know* they are: and one of the reasons why I prefer you, half-Irish gentlemen, is, that you never bore us about Ireland."

"You are perhaps magnifying our necessity into a virtue."

"'Tis politeness, at least—"

Gerald bowed, on behalf of his English-Irish constituents—"even though you don't intend it," added Mr. Gunning. Could the bow have first been set down on the table in a tangible form, Gerald would now have put it in his pocket.

"We have few of the impulses of vanity to force Ireland upon the notice of our friends," he resumed.

"No, indeed; and therefore you very properly let her alone. An old Spanish courtier who, a long time ago, wrote apophthegms, says that the unfortunate are always to be cut; you are quite right."

Before Gerald could perfectly separate the sincerity from the sneers of this sentence, Mr. Gunning, catching up a phrase that had just escaped Mr. Stewart, cried—"A good talker!—"

And who, may I ask, Mr. Secretary, are you so defining?"

"Sir Walter," answered the Secretary.

"I told you," muttered Gunning, aside, to Gerald: then he proceeded aloud; indeed very loud; "Good talkers! I don't know a more silly cant of this canting day. Mention the name of minister, poet, painter, actor, or essayist, and the question is, not how does he tax us, or rhyme, or paint, or act, or twist a simple thread of common sense, but 'how does he talk?' that's the important point."

"But a great name is adorned, at least, by the possession of this pleasing quality," said Mr. Stewart.

"Indeed, Sir;"—Gerald thought that the cynic was gratified to engage Mr. Stewart upon a question, in the discussion of which he could, to the utmost verge of language, inconvenience that gentleman's nationality;—"Pardon me, it is eclipsed by it. There's Coleridge has lost his poetical name altogether, by his fascinations in the new mode of egotism. The Count de Soligny, in his last letters on England, after giving but a cold account of the bard's published works, adds,—'But I have heard him

talk !' thereby grounding his admiration of Coleridge's genius on the man's *unpublished*, talking essays."

"I was indeed hurt myself to read, this morning, in a licentious periodical work, the account of Coleridge's egotism, given by a cockney essayist," said the Bishop ;—"While 'explaining the different notes of the nightingale to his sister,' Coleridge's 'chaunt' is, in a strong vein of affectation, much lauded."

"Chaunt !—Good !" resumed Mr. Gunning ; "ay, and Wordsworth's chaunt too ; and this is the same essayist who constantly exhibits old Northcote as such a talker ; adding not a word about his easel. Pray, Secretary, how does your courtly Sir Thomas talk ? very smoothly I know, and all that ; but how else ?"

"Very sensibly."

"He doesn't mean his answer," whispered Gunning to Gerald, and then continued : "Dr. Morris, during his visit at Abbotsford, thought little of the great Northern until he began, after dinner, to recite or talk some of his 'auld world stories ;' and then such a picture as we get of his style of recitation, and of his eyes, eyebrows, and all !"

“And the hero of the Shandrydan,” said Gerald, “in afterwards instituting a comparison between ‘the Great Poet of Scotland, and the Great Poet of the lakes,’ certainly says not a word about their works, but all about their ‘different styles of conversation.’”

“To be sure : and Wordsworth’s ‘sonorousness—’ chaunt, I suppose—drawl—I am sure, is quite as much admired as Coleridge’s since has been. Then Hobhouse wrote a large volume, partly of memoirs of the Italian rhyme-sters ; and there we find ingenuity on the stretch to ascertain Ugo Foscolo’s method of talking. On the authority of ‘a lady’ who enjoyed the advantage of Ortis’s private society, he seems to be a rapid, ceaseless babbler, until we are checked by the grave historical account of his statue-like delivery of certain set speeches in Venice, when we are given to understand that he never loosed his two hands from the back of a chair, nor raised his voice beyond a monotonous rumble.”

“Who is Ugo Foscolo?” asked Lord Horse-mantown.

“Ask John Murray,” answered the Secretary, sneering.

“And honest John will tell your Lordship that he knew him very well,” added Gunning ;—
“and perhaps he can also supply some notion of Ugo’s diversified manner, when upon certain occasions he used, in the fervour of his talking, to toss himself about upon a chair or sofa, and strew the carpet with his locks of—not ‘sable’ but brickdust, ‘silvered.’

“The Edinburgh was half right, some time ago—” began Mr. Stewart.

“What! do you ever think it right?” interrupted Mr. Gunning.

“*Apropos* to that, or to something like it,—I beg pardon a moment—Nixon, pen, ink, and paper,” said the Secretary, of a sudden,—
“Pray let me stand excused ; but there is one little matter I shall have no time but this evening to do—just a scribble—and I stop no one, not even your discussion, Gunning, for you know I can write and *talk* together,” and, as he had done speaking, the servant placed the pen, ink, and paper to his hand, and the Secretary immediately began his new task.

“I was about to mention,” resumed Mr. Stewart, “that though we seldom agree, I did think the Edinburgh warranted in censuring,

as scarcely polite, the very talent for which John Philpot Curran's Irish admirers highly praise him; his engrossing habits of conversation at table, and his setting the table in a roar, and all that."

"No doubt they were right, Sir," assented Mr. Gunning, in a view of his own; "and yet, I presume, the Scottish critic would be one of the first to bless the man who, in his own house, makes his Welsh guest, among others, listen to retails or anticipations of poems or novels, sold, or to be sold."

"But poems and novels of which the repetition can never tire," said Gerald.

"In the reading, I grant you; you will remark, Sir, that, we do not now speak of their extraordinary merit—indeed, not at all of them, but merely of their being *so* talked about."

"Can't men think?" observed Lord Horsemantown.

"No, my Lord, because they talk. Talkers! we are grown a nation of talkers. We usurp the women's ancient privilege, and they can only listen to it; it is come to that with them. We leave it to the North American Indians to say 'much talk, little do;' and their Squaws

are the only remaining branch of the gentler sex, whose taciturn husbands allow to female tongues the enjoyment of their prescriptive right."

"There is an actor," said Mr. Grady, mysteriously, "who for talking Greek, after dinner, gets more puffed by the press than on account of his doings behind the lamps."

"I propose a college of talkers," said the Secretary, not stopping his pen, at least observably; "nay, a London University, with preparatory schools. I propose an abolition of printed poems, and all kind of books, and the substitution of talking bodies——"

"Of the first of which Coleridge shall be president," put in Gunning.

"If you like; but in them let the characters of literary men, at least, be fixed, by good talking works, and afterwards disseminated, by affiliated institutions, over the world."

"It might be a good way, Secretary, to save ourselves the perplexity of our present mixed notion of only doubtful prose or rhyme, and good talking. We should then get a whole character before us."

"Newton knew nothing about talking," observed Gerald.

"He had no need," said Lord Horsemantown.

“I know of a Newton who does,” observed the Secretary, in his dry way.

“The very delightful painter?” inquired Gerald.

“Mr. Newton the painter,” reviewed the Secretary.

“And after all,” continued Gunning, “even when we give one of these gentlemen his most wished-for title of ‘good talker,’ ’tis but a limited and qualified title. They cannot always, nor in every situation, talk well—nay, at all. Thus, Coleridge and Wordsworth are supreme in metaphysics; the one in his metaphysics, the other after a sermon: give them Cobbett, and they stare: yet the turnip-farmer is choice on his own plot of ground; to all intents and purposes, a first-rate talker. Ay, or place the dreamer of the Ancient Mariner, and the dreamer of the Excursion together, and, all to nothing, one becomes a listener, or both wax stupid. Foscolo told me he knew Coleridge when he first came to England; I believe they lived some time in the same house, (at least Ugo said so,) but did not continue friends. I remember him averring, in a torrent of stunning volubility, that the Highgate Hermit talked too much.”

“Moore is a fascinating table or drawing-room man,” said Gerald; “but what could he do with Wordsworth’s ‘chaunt?’ or in his tripping gait, how keep pace with Coleridge’s seven-leagued periods?”

“Or what could they do with him? Nothing,” continued the cynic; “if he dined or supped with either, he should hold his tongue, or, at least, be nobody; and, if they returned the favour, they should comply with the terms, else were the fable of the fox and the stork read at school in vain. And, no doubt, in his old feudal towers, and no Coleridge or Wordsworth to contest with him, and within hearing of that devil of a piper, that he keeps as Byron kept his bear at college, and who, at a signal, blows you up such a convincing tempest of Highland music, Sir Walter was sovereign. Next morning, too, he could easily keep all the fascination to himself as he ambled through ‘the rhymer’s glen,’ which is now his own farm; and as for holding forth, within or without the walls of ‘fair Melrose,’ mortal men must not here dispute his right. But suppose Wordsworth at his board, the evening Peter speaks of, or plod-

ding, pedlar-like, by his stirrup, next morning, the exciseman and he could not keep up, five minutes, an equal conversation. They could not support,—strike each other out. Even let them oblige each other, (in the case of talkers an impossibility,) by reciting and chanting, alternately, equal portions of Highland legends and village metaphysics; both would be uninteresting. Alternation without continuance of subject, between two lecturers, no matter how chaunting or sonorous, proposes in itself a tiresome situation; but the mere infelt humiliation of a ‘good talker’ at being obliged to share his laurels with a brother, would certainly produce a languor in each of these great men, or in any other two, or twenty, that must individually deprive them of their undisputed claims to egotism, when only astonishing such docile listeners as Dr. Morris.”

“Very well indeed, Gunning,” said the Secretary; “here, Stewart, look over that,” handing a sheet of paper, at the first view of which Mr. Stewart smiled in evident satisfaction—‘very well *talked* indeed,’—writing again, ‘and without at all outraging in your own person the

rules you lay down for others—now, no reply, till you criticise a few lines of doggrel for me, while Stewart does the same by some others—there,” pushing over a slip of paper folded down — “and now, Bishop, and now Lord Harmer, and now Mr. Priestly, what are we indeed to say of Gunning’s abuse of talkers?”

It will not be inferred that, during the time he was writing, the honourable Secretary had been inattentive to the guests he now addressed, or indeed to any others at his table, or that they had not occasionally joined in the past conversation, although for the purpose of getting together, in preference, what fell from Mr. Gunning, he and they seem, according to our report, to have been silent, or silenced.

During the answers and remarks produced by his present question, Gunning spoke aside to Gerald :

“The lines are quite good, and quite like him—terrible satire, that spares nothing and nobody. Read them, before he despatches them to *Ebony*.”

“Is it lawful?” asked Gerald.

“Yes, yes;” answered the Secretary himself, observing in a side-glance his hesitation ; “they

are not worth a mystery," and as he quickly turned to continue speaking to the Bishop and Lord Harmer, Gerald read the following:—

“ POLITICAL ALPHABET ; OR THE YOUNG
MEMBER’S A B C.

“ A, was an Althorp, as dull as a hog ;
B, was black Brougham, a surly cur dog ;
C, was a Cochrane all stripp’d of his lace ;
D, was a Douglas, who wanted a place ;
E, was an Ebrington, dismal and dumb ;
F, was a Finley, a hogshead of scum ;
G, was a Gordon’s preposterous phiz ;
H, was a Heron, a damnable quiz ;
J, was Joe Jekyl, whose law is a jest ;
K, was a Knox, in a *sinecure nest* ;
L, was a Lambton, sour, saucy and sad ;
M, was Paul Methuen ! a dandy gone mad ;
N, was big Nugent, who “ Portugal ” writ ;
O, was an Ossulton, small as his wit ;
P, was poor Preston, stark mad about oats ;
Q, was a Quin, who with neither side votes ;
R, was dark Romilly’s hypocrite look ;
S, was a Sefton, Lord, coachman, and cook ;
T, was Tom Thompson, a Tinker from *Hool* ;
V, was a Vernon, an *asphaltic** fool ;

* One of Mr. V——’s speeches was laughed at for a metaphor about the Asphaltic Lake.

W, was a Warne, 'twixt a wasp and a worm ;
But X, Y, and Z, are not found in this form,
Unless Moore, Martin, and Creevy be said
(As the *last* of mankind) to be X, Y, and Zed."

"Terrible, indeed," whispered Gerald, "even upon his enemies."

"And yet none of them *are* his enemies, either, or in other words, he feels no more than simple constitutional enmity to any of them, except two out of the last three; and I should not wonder if the whole alphabet was got up merely to give a seemingly impartial opportunity for emitting the gathered venom expressed on X and Zed.

"But now you conjecture twenty-three persons flayed alive without a motive."

"No—I've also conjectured the motive."

"It amounts to no more than convenience."

"And is not that enough?"

"Well; admitting your view, why are X and Zed to be especially put to death?"

"X, once stood in his way, and Zed now speaks against him whenever he comes up officially to the house."

"But do you call it prudent thus to satirize so many considerable individuals who, one day

or other, by some probable topsy-turvy freak in the cabinet, may get power, or become the supporters of the powerful?"

"He doesn't care."

"How?"

"He would be in with them, and keep his place still."

"How, again?"

"By supporting them, or all or any thing they might support to be sure, and by being ready to make out for Blackwood another alphabet of any twenty-four of their opponents."

"That's talent, indeed."

"Yes; our friend, with all his good qualities, has a little of the cat in him; he is attached to place, not persons—but the lines are very clever."

"Very; only, I still demur to the unsparing nature of the satire."

"'Tis his style. You have seen the little pasquinade he wrote on the actors in Dublin, long ago, when he was a Barrister walking the hall of your Four Courts there, and when his clients, at least, (though from their numbers we need not think much of their opinion) scarcely dreamt of his present success?"

“It has never come in my way.”

“That’s unlucky, if you care to be convinced of his natural tendency to this kind of satire. Witness a quotation from it *upon a woman*, one of the poor Dublin actresses, and, until his criticism, popular among the Dublin people—but first to show him in his best vein—

‘——Williams comes, the rude and rough,
With face most whimsically gruff;
Aping the careless sons of ocean,
He scorns each light and easy motion ;
His elbows to his sides he pins ;
And dabbles with his hands like fins ;
Would he express the greatest woe,
He slaps his breast and points his toe ;
Is merriment to be expressed ?
He points his toe and slaps his breast.’”

“Churchill never excelled that,” said Gerald ; perhaps seldom equalled it.”

“Now you get him in the humour you are inclined not to patronize,” said Gunning, and went on with his quotations.

“But lo ! his wife, whose every feature
Foretells the talent of the creature ;
Lively and vulgar, low and pert,
She plays ‘*au viv*’ the pleasant flirt,

And hits, without the slightest aid
From art, the saucy chambermaid;
Oh might her merits ne'er presume
To figure in a drawing-room!"

I believe I forget the remaining lines until he advises her, *in accordance with her nature*, to——

‘Decline Bizarre and play Lamoree.’”

“You get the man’s mind there, I think.”

“And his heart too,” added Gerald.

“Pho! heart? what’s that?”

“A mystery to you, I believe, Sir,” replied Gerald, in his own mind, “as much as to him, if indeed your comments are to be taken for fact, when at the moment you share his cup, you can thus expose your seeming friend to a comparative stranger. But,” Gerald continued, “such ought to be the kind of friendship subsisting between them; it would be a pity were it of a different description. I suppose even the terms of it are mutually understood.”

“I guess,” resumed Gunning, proceeding to give him certainty on the point,—“I guess by your eye that you take my remarks on the Secretary as unfriendly towards him; but you mistake; I would serve him and he would serve

me, as far as it conveniently lay in the way of either, though I show him up now and then, and though he knows I do ; he knows I am at it this moment : I caught his eye glancing after his ear while we discussed him ; besides he would show me up in the same way if you were by his side instead of sitting here."

Gerald rather coldly concurred in the probability. " Or he would take the same freedom with yourself, if he knew as much of you as I do," half sneered Gunning in revenge for the slight change of face and manner his practised eye soon detected. " But do you surmise my reason for holding forth, just now, so vehemently against talkers?"

" You simply dislike them."

" Not always ; I had a more particular motive. There is your countryman, Mr. Gore, who, whatever may be the subjects he can handle, is, I am sure of it, in good estimation with himself as a graceful and pleasing talker ; and, just before I commenced my sermon, I saw his handsome red face waxing redder all over, and his mouth curving up, in the preface, to a volume of soft speeches. I stopped him

by what I said, however, to say nothing of the good I did the young Scotchman. Mr. Gore all this time has had no hearer but your brother—a mercy to every one else. Now, though, I fear we shall get him all round, if the Secretary does not 'pull up in the road he has just started on, and if he does not, I'm off."

"Like Sir Peter, then, I shall leave my character in your hands," said Gerald, once more smiling.

"We'll take care of the little trust for you; and, after all, I think the Secretary, along with all the rest of you that now (we are come to a pretty pass) sit in the Cabinet for us, and make law for us, and fight the French for us,—I hate Frenchmen more than Scotchmen—something like a credit to Ireland, or to that half, or quarter of it, or whatever portion it is, which will have us call it English-Irish."

"Let us see," thought Gerald.

CHAPTER VIII.

“MY friend George is one of the best talkers I know,” was the remark of the Secretary that produced the turn in the conversation, to which Mr. Gunning metaphorically alluded in the last chapter: “one of the best, though the most boring: he talks sentences always, never phrases; and there are his eulogy and criticism together. He is good for a solemn morning call on you, when from occupation, just before, you are prepared not to tire of his compositions; but he is not good for the evening.”

“You speak of our countryman; what is he doing?” asked the Bishop.

“Why he has been writing a comedy (he called it so) for one of the theatres; ‘The Angel of the World’ and its publisher having fallen together. And he dedicated it by permission to Canning.”

“Has any thing *come* of the compliment?”

“Yes,” answered Gunning; “a new version of the Apocalypse, by which the destruction of Popery, root and branch, in a very short time indeed, is demonstrated, by the Rev. George Croly.”

“That sounds strange, though not unpleasing. May I ask what you mean, Sir?” inquired the Bishop.

“Why, Bishop, Canning having forgotten the dedication, its writer published some matter of the kind I speak of, about the very time that his negligent patron made his most celebrated speech in favour of your great Hibernian question.”

“Both might have been better employed,” resumed the Bishop, “and in furtherance of their different objects, too: though,” (pausing,) “their motives may be essentially the same, after all.”

“Your Lordship, I thought, knew that one of these gentlemen is not disposed to agree in acceding to those people any increase of political power,” observed Mr. Priestly.

“I know it: yet, though two loyal gentlemen may widely differ on the question, I suppose, at least I strongly hope, they have in view a common result, even while they differ.”

"I coincide with your Lordship," said Gerald.

"I have not yet the honour to apprehend his Lordship's meaning," resumed Mr. Priestly.

"Nor I," said Lord Harmer.

"Nor I," echoed Mr. Grady, Mr. Gore, and Mr. Pack.

"I'm off, as I told you," whispered Gunning to Gerald, as the Bishop, smiling a consciousness of the easy reconciling of his seeming paradox, was about to proceed : "all this is going to be all about Ireland ; and though, I believe, I have myself to blame for giving the word, and though I'm not quite so tired of Ireland as I am of Scotland, yet, not being Irish even half-way through, I can never stand it ;" and rising slowly on his stick, he soon left the room.

"The loyal gentleman," continued the Bishop, "who disallows those claims, does so, because he thinks that an extension of power would strengthen the claimants in influence and numbers ; and the loyal gentleman who advocates those claims, does so, because he thinks that the removal of restrictions of every kind would leave the claimants, particularly in Ireland, more leisure and inclination

to attend to the teaching and preaching of a pure doctrine, which eventually, in the opportunities he would create, must supersede the present superstition : so that, while one refuses the boon, lest the petitioners should grow stronger, the other cedes it to make them even weaker than they are ; and hence their motives are, as I said, essentially the same."

"Now I understand your Lordship," said Mr. Priestly.

"And I have to thank your Lordship for stating my views so clearly," said Gerald.

"We, in Ireland, my Lord," said Mr. Gore, "who hold the views first stated so well by your Lordship, have, indeed, the same good hopes of our loyal fellow-subjects in both countries. While they differ from us on the important question, we believe they do not mean to expose us, more than we are exposed, to the insidious encroachments of a religion deeply hostile to us ; to our religion and theirs ; to our political ascendancy ; in fact, to all that we are so proud to hold by virtue of our English descent, principles, and connexion."

"The supporters of the measures, English or Irish, with whom I have spoken," said Lord

Clangore, "that is, with whom I could properly speak in confidence, certainly have no such meaning; and though I differ from them in the principle of their policy, so much justice may be done to their intentions."

"The first point is *this*," remarked Mr. Grady, composing a *leader*—"what is the cause of the present unhappy state of Ireland? why is she the only uncivilized portion of the three kingdoms? After more than seven hundred years of identity with this country——"

"Not identity, Grady; that almost makes you speak a paradox," said the Secretary.

"Connexion, Sir?"

"No."

"Then, Sir, conjunction?"

"Not even that, unless you mean our grammatical anomaly, a disjunctive conjunction; call it wrangling and squabbling."

"I will, Sir; and that is the very thing I would show, and at the same time question; why should it have been to this day wrangling and squabbling?"

"The Irish people have not been taught to think," said Lord Horsemantown; "have not had mental objects to engage them, and thereby

keep them quiet; for a man whose mind is employed on pursuits that tend to improve it, knows and cares little about politics, after coming to one simple conclusion—namely, honour and respect for King, Laws, and Government.”

“Scotland, that much later than seven hundred years ago was the declared and powerful enemy of England, is now her feal friend,” said Mr. Stewart; “indeed, both are but parts of one great kingdom.”

“And still, I ask, why has not Ireland followed her example?” pursued Mr. Grady: “years have gone by, since, through the wisdom of an English minister, and of our great countryman at present at the head of affairs, she gave up one of the chief, at least one of the most obvious landmarks of distinction between her and us—her Parliament.”

“Her absurd Parliament—her exquisitely Irish Parliament,” resumed the Secretary: “it was a riotous, popular assembly, not a Parliament: men went there to make speeches, not to deliberate; to call each other ‘out,’ not to convince each other; and their wives and daughters used to sit in the galleries to hear husband or father deliver orations that had been twenty

imes read at home, and to encumber with their presence every thing like freedom or manliness of debate. Burke was a tolerably good specimen to an English House of Commons of the elaborate, rhetorical fuss, the unbusiness-like declamation, the sputtering and roaring, that, even in the persons of its most boasted orators, sunk the character of the Irish House of Commons."

"Yes, Sir," argued Mr. Grady; "I have spoken with many of the old reporters who visited the gallery, here, in his latter days, and they assure me he was the greatest bore the House ever heard. He used to roar, Sir, as you say, walking up and down by the table, like a wild beast, until two-thirds of the members went away, and the press along with them: I assure you, Sir, it came to that; they wouldn't 'take him.'"

"I'm sorry for it, Sir," said Gerald, "for however inconvenient might have been the delivery of Mr. Burke's opinions, they *read* well; and only that the gentlemen you mention might have felt too much annoyed, I should regret the loss of any of his speeches."

"Returning to Mr. Grady's queries," continued the Secretary, "suppose we say that the

undeniable inclination of the old Celtic blood of old Ireland to kicking up a row, may account for even the present want of civilization and happiness in that country, which he so truly recognizes? It is said, generally, of the Celts and Normans, that while the one race always weakened, and kept themselves ignorant and savage, by domestic quarrellings, the other race, united in arms, in arts, in interests, and in diversified improvement, every where found them an easy conquest. But the mere conquering them could not change the grand passion of their nature, or their old habits. Thus, though universally deprived of their independence, they still kept up the old game; still squabbled upon the most trivial occasion, or upon no occasion, with their masters, or with one another; still left themselves no time for the mental pursuits, scientific or otherwise, so well suggested as a nostrum for them by my excellent friend, Lord Horseman-town; until, to this very day, we find them what they have ever been in Ireland—and what they are.”

“For whatever good conduct, industry, morality, intellect, or rank, we possess in Ireland, we

are assuredly indebted to this great country," said Mr. Gore.

"Absentee landlords, they aver, make one chief cause of their wretchedness and turbulence," remarked Mr. Stewart, as usual speaking very rapidly in his throat: "but that's stuff; no man who considers the subject, scientifically, can entertain it for a moment. I don't say that resident landlords are an absolute evil to any country; but I do say, that in the present anomalous position of Ireland, the absence of her landlords might, if properly taken advantage of, prove a good, instead of a curse; indeed it is idle to debate the matter; it has been proved by M'Culloch."

"Some say that Sir Walter Raleigh is to be blamed in a great degree for the evils of Ireland since about the time of Elizabeth," resumed the Secretary.

"How so?" asked Lord Horsemantown, rather interested.

"Because they assert that the potatoe is the root from which its evils spring," he went on, in a sneer that Lord Horsemantown did not see.

"Come," said the Bishop, "I have listened to many opinions, as to the cause of those evils;

but surely no man of ordinary observation, living in Ireland, can mistake the true one—her teachers.”

“ Her teachers, indeed !” echoed Lord Harmer, turning from a quiet *tête-à-tête* with Lord Clangore.

“ The bane of the wretched land,” agreed Mr. Priestly, with an earnestness that indicated long and settled conviction, and of which he had shown few other instances during the evening.

“ Perhaps, in a more general phrase, we should say the superstition she bows to,” continued the Bishop; “ only, that at the hands of these men it is ministered in every form most calculated to besot the human intellect, deprive its blind votaries of all self-estimation, perpetuate mere animal passions, and generate all the impulses to revenge, treachery, and bloodshed, of which day after day we are doomed to witness the results. Dangerous as is the mere profession of Popery in its best shape, I do not think it could work as it does work in Ireland but for the mode in which it is put forward by her priests; and therefore I particularly select them, when I would advance, in a word, the cause of the present state of that wretched Island.”

“Then, my Lord, having the real cause before us, let it be removed,” said Mr. Priestly.

“You can’t remove *them*,” answered the Secretary.

“Remove the poor people from them,” said the Bishop.

“And go to the work boldly,” resumed Mr. Priestly. “With good intentions on this subject, we have as yet only stopped short at half measures, disguising our motives in school education, and when charged with a wish to insinuate (rather than inculcate) the truth, equivocating like cowards, as if we feared either that our cause would not bear the light, or that we shrunk from a contest with its enemies. Let us march into the field more like courageous soldiers; let us say to the people of Ireland, in plain language, ‘We wish to change your religious belief, because we know it keeps you poor, ignorant, miserable, and most of all, because it is a blasphemy;’ and let us at the same time say to their priests, ‘You hear our purpose proclaimed, meet us in the field, and oppose us and conquer us if you can. Show these, your most unhappy flock, good reasons for the faith that is in them, if indeed you have imparted

one clear notion, however erroneous, upon the doctrine of salvation ; refute the reasons we give for a better faith ; do this, and we will leave in your hands the minds, the morals, the happiness, here and to come, of the land."

"Thus should we proceed, indeed," said Lord Harmer.

"I would approve such a course," said Lord Horsemantown, seemingly becoming possessed of a new and pleasing idea.

"I know Ireland well," said Mr. Gore, "and will go so far as to declare, that, in my opinion, it requires but a few years' perseverance in the plan proposed, to rescue the great majority of the Irish people from their present thralldom."

"Ten years only," agreed the Bishop.

"There is nothing in the good work but the trouble of teaching," resumed Mr. Priestly. "We are not, generally speaking, faced with the difficulty of pulling down an old edifice in order to erect a new one ; for, in truth and fact, the people know nothing at all of religion of any kind."

"To what, then, do they give the name?" inquired Gerald : "what are they taught by their priests?"

“Mummeries, Sir,” answered Mr. Priestly.

“Forms that *are* mummeries,” added the Bishop: “they are taught to go to mass, of which they do not understand a word; to use holy-water; to mumble prayers to the Virgin, as they tell their beads; to wear charms against sickness, sorrow, and fairy blasts; to kneel down before rude pictures and images; to think that the priest’s wrath can warp their limbs, blight their crops, and destroy their cattle: these are the chief if not the only matters of a spiritual kind with which the poor Irishman is made acquainted; and, as my worthy friend observes, none of them contain any prepossessions against the real doctrines of religion.”

“Could Scotland have been what she now is, if her mind and energies had been kept down by superstition like this?” inquired Mr. Stewart.

“Certainly not,” said Gerald; “but, my Lord, the priests of Ireland must, along with their other dangerous qualities, be as ignorant as their poor flock, to inculcate such superstition?”

“The greater part of them is; that is, almost

all those who, coming into orders from the plough or the mechanics' workshop, have lately been educated at home; they with as much new acquirement as enables them to read their breviary and mass-book, *they* may be classed in the intellectual scale, and even in scripture knowledge, with their old brethren of the clod, whom they are sent back from some local seminary to teach: sometimes you find them timorous, clumsy, poor men, bold in nothing but disguised bigotry; sometimes you can scarcely distinguish them from the hardy, bluff clown out of orders, or at best from the strong-bodied farmer's son who goes out to hunt, now and then, on a strong-bodied horse; and their best specimen is to be seen in the town curate, or parish priest, who, wearing a better coat and professional boots, can wrangle over his tumbler of punch, about some abstruse, superfluous and (by him) but half conceived metaphysical definition of the attributes of Divine Essence. From none of them should we expect clear or serious views of what they ought to teach their people; but such are the majority of the priests who, along with hatred to England, and every

thing English, in either country, *do* teach their people the childish superstitions I have enumerated."

"I should like to hear your Lordship's account of the minority; of those, I presume, who have *not* been educated at home?"

"The few among the present body of Irish priests," continued the Bishop, "who have studied at Salamanca or at St. Omers, enjoy, of course, a more liberal round of acquirement than their indigenous successors ever pretend to; they also have, perhaps, Scriptural learning, and (witness O'Leary) are generally adroit disputants: but they are never found among the country people, in country parishes; and if they occasionally convey to their town flocks an arbitrary interpretation of a Scripture text, the great mass of the people catch no sound of it; while the cold and profitless observations of those poor creatures are, by their most enlightened guides, never prohibited. They enjoin them, then, since they tolerate them. And are these educated priests, themselves, believers in the superstitions they enjoin? I think not: their state of intellect seems to make the question unnatural. If they are not, what is to be

said of their countenancing, with a view to their own pecuniary profit and priestly influence, abominations that they know to be insulting to God, and death to the soul of his creature? Here we have Jesuitism, calculating, evading, cruel Jesuitism, doing, in their persons, the work of almost brute ignorance in the persons of their locally-educated brethren. As for hostility to all that makes the happiness and glory of England, and, through connexion with her, which ought to make the happiness and glory of Ireland, if home-instruction gives *that*, in abundance, to the young priesthood, we have little difficulty in determining to what extent it must have been imbibed, in continental colleges, by the old."

"Only that I have resolved," said Gerald, "never, in the present condition of Ireland, to pay her a visit, I should certainly like to fall in with an Irish priest."

"You can do so without your alternative," said Lord Clangore, "and this very evening, too: you know we look in at the Spanish Ambassador's, and I have been advised, by our hostess elect, that, amongst other motives, she gives her party to-night, in order to get subscriptions,

to be solicited by herself, or at least by his appearance before us, for a very poor young Irish priest, though one of the smart, town ones first described by his Lordship, towards repairing the miserable chapel he has been sent to preside over, here, in one of our London Irish colonies."

"I attend her Ladyship then."

"But why not visit us?" inquired Mr. Gore, very insinuatingly, and with a personal compliment meant.

"Never, Sir," replied Gerald, "until Ireland, by more closely resembling England, becomes more my country; never until from that resemblance I can calculate her happiness and respectability, and feel pride in owning myself half her son. But *until* then, England is my country; Ireland cannot now be called so: she presents, in religion, in mind, in manner—I mean"—(checking himself, and bowing, as he saw Mr. Gore grow disturbed,)—"I mean, of course, with reference to the mass of her purely Irish population—nothing in common with me, or with what I admire, respect, and hope to attain. No; she is not my country; nor yours,

Sir ; nor, my Lord, yours ; nor the country of any one of us."

" Ah, my excellent young friend," said Mr. Gore, with a sigh, " how well do we, who live in her bosom, surrounded by all that is hostile or strange to us,—how well do we feel the truth of your remark, and how willingly, how eagerly would I adopt your plan of avoidance, if most dear, and (allow a father's egotism) most amiable, deserving, and, alas, without me, helpless objects of domestic solicitude, did not command, absolutely command, my residence in the unfortunate country. But pray, my dear Mr. Blount, do not deprive us of all hope of the pleasure of seeing you. Even in Ireland, few in number as we may be, compared with the native population, we compose, beyond doubt, a highly respectable and enlightened community : standing by each other, our circles are select, and, quite as far as the resemblance can ever approach, would remind you of the superior country. I have the honour of knowing many, many distinguished friends who would make you at home ; and, I trust, I need not add, that amongst the immediate members of my own family, you

would experience nothing inattentive—or, from three young ladies, not reckoned either unaccomplished or unattractive, (excuse the father again, Sir,) nothing disagreeable.”

“The three most beautiful creatures in Dublin, Sir,” whispered Mr. Grady, “particularly the youngest.”

“Well, Sir,” answered Gerald, returning, without affectation, some of the soft smiles with which Mr. Gore regarded him, and perhaps not before he had involuntarily conjured up (Gerald was only one-and-twenty) the pretty picture of a young gentleman, just like himself, domesticated among “the three most beautiful creatures in Dublin,” and sung to, and talked to, all day long—“Well, Sir, whenever I *do* visit Ireland (and perhaps your partial vindication of it has removed some of my prejudices), I shall not forget the kindness and politeness with which you are now pleased to express yourself.”

“My dear Sir!” was Mr. Gore’s answer, as, half rising, he took Gerald’s hand across the table. In fact, Mr. Gore liked the Secretary’s claret, and by this time he had evinced his liking.

“No rash promises, Blount,” said the Secre-

tary, at this bit of a scene, though he had not heard the conversation ; “ See the lady first.”

Mr. Gore laughed heartily.

“ She must not be mere Irish,” observed the Bishop, also smiling.

“ No, my Lord ; I disclaim every thing or every body that is not English-Irish, at least ; and till Ireland is so, I am forced to disclaim her.”

“ Poor Ireland !” said the Secretary, strangely reminding Gerald of a former sneer of little Rhoda Knightly.

“ Ireland must be made so, or remain for another thousand years contemned by the world, Mr. Blount,” continued the Bishop.

“ First, then, make her English in Religion,” said Mr. Priestly.

“ Yes, that first of all.”

“ First of all,” agreed Lord Harmer.

“ How ?” inquired the Secretary.

“ Preach to her openly,” said Mr. Priestly.

“ The landed interest will support you, Sir,” said Lord Harmer.

“ They will, and they ought,” added Lords Horsemantown and Clangore.

“ *Write down Popery ; get the press on the right side,*” exhorted Mr. Grady.

“ Write it down in every way,” said Mr. Pack, uttering almost the first loud sentence he had that night ventured, and now looking surprised, if not agitated, at the sound of his own voice ; “ write it down in tracts and magazines, as well as in the daily and weekly papers ; and don’t you think, Sir, that even works of imagination, that little tales, embodying with the doctrines sought to be inculcated their fine local superstitions and legends, might, if distributed among the peasantry, have a good effect ? ”

“ I quite agree with Mr. Pack,” answered the Secretary, seriously nodding his head twice or thrice, as his deep grey eyes fastened on the speaker.

“ Lock up their mass-houses if you can,” advised Mr. Gore ; “ when they were locked up before, we had more peace and influence in the country.”

“ Too late for that, Sir,” remarked Gerald ; “ but I agree that a change of religion is indispensable.”

“ Then begin we, in the name of all that can prompt us, or give us success,” resumed Mr. Priestly : “ with the promise of support from such quarters as now promise it, I, though not

professionally called to the task, have no fears in personally undertaking it. If the poor people we shall convince be shielded by the high and wealthy, from the vengeance, or worse, from the consequences of the neglect they must expect at the hands of their old friends, and if, perhaps, even a little assurance of protection accompany or precede the first inculcation of doctrine——”

“It shall,” interrupted Lord Harmer.

“Then to the battle let us go,” said Mr. Priestly.

“Yes; but provide—*make*—other opportunities for success,” said Gerald; “make, in fact, the one so eloquently propounded by his Lordship awhile ago; emancipate them first, that their angry passions being laid asleep, and the great rallying point of their demagogues removed, they may have leisure to listen to you, and you a natural reason for convincing them.”

“We would emancipate them,” replied Mr. Priestly, “fully, gloriously emancipate them; but, I believe, rejecting the means you propose.”

“Indeed,” cried Gerald, surprised, for he thought the gentleman had before tacitly agreed in his policy; “and, indeed, my Lord,” he re-

peated, when, to his continued surprise, the Bishop added ; “ no—the wilfully blind and obstinate bigot, who, out of the chimera of his superstition, shapes hostility to us, and to all connected with us, him we can never admit to political power.”

“ Who drinks coffee ?” asked the Secretary, as the servant appeared.

All arose.

“ I am not convinced, however,” ruminated Gerald, though the Bishop’s firmness had stunned him.

“ What think you, Sir ?” he resumed, as he and Mr. Stewart met in their progress to the drawing-room.

“ In fact, Sir,” answered Mr. Stewart, his utterance, whether naturally or affectedly, increasing in quickness, until, indeed, as Mr. Gunning had remarked, he seemed to cackle ; and at the same time he held himself very straight, and kept chucking his head very high ; “ in fact, Sir, make your people a moral, industrious, calculating people. I don’t pretend to know how it is to be done, Sir ; since Popery is in the way, I should certainly get rid of it, by all possible means ; but I don’t pretend to know Ire-

land much farther; only just make her people a moral, and an industrious, and a calculating people, Sir."

"Coxcomb!" muttered Gerald, turning away. —"Mr. Secretary, pray favour me with your real opinion of all that has been said this evening."

"All stuff and nonsense," answered the Secretary, in a close, confidential, and abrupt whisper;—"What do you think? By virtue of certain old black-letter enactments, these Catholics are, this moment, eligible to political power, without ceasing to be Catholics: but such is the legal ignorance on both sides, that neither Catholic nor Protestant sees or admits the fact. Come—a cup of coffee."

In about an hour afterwards Gerald was making his bow to the lady of the Spanish Ambassador. Her Ladyship's rooms were full, mostly of foreigners; but the fashionable crowd numbered amongst it many English persons of both sexes, of rank and title, official as well as patrimonial, and Catholic as well as Protestant. With a little pressing, if not ostentatious zeal, she availed herself of every polite opportunity to get subscriptions "*pour le pauvre jeune prêtre*"

Irlandois," and was not long in addressing herself to Gerald. He liberally subscribed her list, and inquired after the reverend mendicant. The lady led him into a back drawing-room, and introduced him at once to "*Monsieur l'Abbé O'Burn*."

Mr. O'Burn sat on a small sofa in almost devoted attention to the discourse of another Roman Catholic clergyman, an old French priest, of a venerable, imposing air, and possessing the suavity of the *ancien regime*. And this was a bad situation for Mr. O'Burn. His vulgar, (yet not vulgar-featured) face, his uneasy figure, his restless hands and legs, his ill-worn new clothes, every thing about him contrasted with the staid, complacent, self-possession of his companion. On being introduced, he started up, bowed six times very strangely, mumbled, laid one hand on a corner of the sofa, and between the finger and thumb of the other kept coiling the corner of the lapel of his coat. Nothing could well be more certain than that he felt himself painfully out of place in that house on that awful night. Indeed his fidgets made him pale; and his legs seemed ashamed of their new acquaintances, the black silk stockings, they

did so shift, and shy, and behave themselves in such a manner.

As soon as some quiet was restored, and Gerald had taken a place at his side, they began to speak about Ireland. But this Gerald did not exactly want, so much as what it would lead to. Collegiate pursuits in Ireland turned up. The man proved to be really uneducated, although, with poor smiles that petitioned for indulgence and good opinion, he quoted Latin every second sentence. Polite literature was glanced at; he was dumb. Some slight general views of the country were taken; he was an ass.

Gerald prepared to leave him, when, with many curious circumbendibusses, what shall we suppose the poor young man proposed? An invitation "to eat a leg of mutton with him next Sunday." Gerald, wishing he could swoon, politely (and, in pity, his politeness was more kindly than stiff,) pleaded a prior engagement. "Well, Sir, but the next;" another engagement. "Well, then, but sure the next;" another; "the next" was called up from the womb of time; and, in short, to save Mr. O'Burn the trouble of going through what remained of the year's

calendar, Gerald at last seemed to assent. In a few days he sent, of course, a formal though still not unkind apology : a quick answer came, that, with all its offences against common usage and common sense, only proved that the writer had not understood the politeness with which he was treated. It breathed very Irish wrath, suppressed into the utmost possible Christian charity, and a sickly sense of having been ill treated, mixed up with a bad effort at ecclesiastical grandeur, which was exceedingly risible. "I must have stood very low in your opinion, Sir, when—you absolutely refuse to dine with me," it said ; "but believe me, Sir, you are not warranted by any previous conduct of mine in—violating every rule of good-breeding towards me. But I forgive you, dear Sir ; for although my family motto is," (here followed some Latin Gerald could not make out,) "I assure you I don't keep ill will to any one in my mind many minutes. However, a respect I have for myself as a clergyman and as a gentleman, obliges me to say (however reluctantly) that you never again shall be annoyed by an invitation from me. However, God bless you, my dear Sir, and although I don't

mean to see you again, I hope time will change the opinions you too hastily formed of

Your humble servant."

"Why, yes," said Gerald, holding the curious epistle in his hand, "if, under all his boorish blundering about his 'leg of mutton,' and under all his mental and social deficiencies, this poor fellow really hides a bigot's heart; and if, indeed, he be a proper specimen of his fellow-labourers in the Irish vineyard—miserable—most miserable is your religious lot, O peasantry of Ireland!"

Upon which point, as well as upon others, discussed in this chapter, Gerald was fated to receive more authentic information, within the limits of the Irish vineyard itself.

CHAPTER. IX.

AFTER breakfast next morning, Mr. Gore called upon Gerald's brother, and they went but to canvass for the appointment, in pursuit of which that gentleman had come to England.

Gerald repaired to the house of the Minister. His reception proved flattering, if not kindly. Perhaps, had it not been felt that he had business in hand, his guardian would have shown less of the watchful dignity of manner which, in all official situations, trifling as well as important, characterised him.

Gerald returned thanks for the offer of appointment made through Lord Clangore. The Minister felt assured that Gerald's talents and principles entitled him to expect attention from his friends, and that nothing but a knowledge of a little of the theory and habits of business—a knowledge gradually acquirable—was wanting on his part to ensure satisfaction to

his well-wishers, and success and honour to himself. Gerald bowed, and ventured to say that if by method and care such knowledge were to be had, he would not despair of soon possessing it. The Minister was still assured. A short pause occurred; and then he was asked, when he thought of going into the House?

“A seat in the House is the nearest object of my ambition,” replied Gerald: “and perhaps I may add, to your Lordship, that, as soon as I hold it, the great Irish question may be considered as having gained an additional friend.”

“All very well,” the Minister said.

“And, if I do not speak superfluously, my Lord, I should wish to mention two grounds upon which my opinions are formed.”

“By all means go on, Mr. Blount.”

“First, it appears to me, after some consideration, that the pressure hitherto used to keep down the religion of Ireland, to this day ensures it vigour and compactness; and I would remove the pressure, in order to approach it in a less resisting state, with a view towards its suppression by other means.”

“Sound policy, generally speaking,” assented the Minister.

“Next, my Lord, I must own that I would emancipate the Roman Catholics of Ireland, in redemption, if for no other reason, of a pledge lately given them, as I think on the question?”

“A pledge, Mr. Blount?”

“During the negotiation of the National Union between the two countries, my impression is, that, to secure their acquiescence in the measure, the English Government *did* pledge itself to grant full relief to the Irish Catholics.”

“We were, I believe, scarcely aware of the fact,” said the Minister.

“The words of the Act of Union declare, ‘That every one of the Lords and Commons of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, and every member of the United Kingdom, in the first and every succeeding Parliament, shall, *until* the Parliament of the United Kingdom *otherwise provide*, take the oaths now provided to be taken.’”

“Those are the words, indeed, Mr. Blount.”

“And it seems to me, my Lord, that they at least imply——” Gerald paused, vexed at his own interpretation.

“ Words may *seem* to *imply* many meanings,” remarked the Minister, smiling.

“ To mean,” rallied Gerald, “ *that after the Union*, a change in ‘the oaths to be taken,’ by which change Roman Catholics might sit in Parliament, was then intended, or professed to be intended.”

“ The clause may probably bear your construction, in part.”

“ In proposing these Articles of Union to the House of Commons,” continued Gerald, “ Mr. Pitt said that, ‘in the present state of things, *and while Ireland* remains a *separate kingdom*, no man can say that full concessions can be made to the Catholics.’ And here I find the inference, my Lord, that, *as soon as Ireland should become united to England*, the full concessions *could* be made.”

“ You might add,” still smiled the Minister, “ and *as soon as ‘the (then) present state of things should have changed ;’* for the sentence you quote contains the double proviso. Both events are said to be indispensable to the granting ‘full concessions.’ ”

“ The expression, ‘present state of things,’ struck me, my Lord, as only alluding to the

then state of Ireland, considered as ‘a separate kingdom.’”

“Others may read the sentence differently, Mr. Blount; and suppose that Mr. Pitt alluded to ‘a state of things’ distinct from the question of Irish Union, which, as I before said, it was as necessary to see materially altered, before emancipation could be granted, as it was necessary to see Ireland united to England, before the same measure could be entertained.”

“My Lord, Mr. Pitt and his leading friends, as he writes himself to Lord Cornwallis, finding, after the Union, insurmountable obstacles to the bringing forward measures of concession to the Catholic body, whilst in office, felt it impossible to continue in administration under the inability to propose it with the circumstances necessary for carrying the measure with all its advantages; and he and they tendered, for that reason, their memorable resignation.”

“True, they did so,” assented the Minister.

“And presumptive proof appears here, my Lord, that he and they believed they had given the pledge I speak of.”

“It was not thought, Mr. Blount, at least so far as we can ascertain, that a *pledge* of any kind was given.”

“Then, my Lord, hopes were held out.”

“Many are of your opinion.”

“Hopes,” continued Gerald, spiritedly, “by which the Irish people were deceived.”

“Their own hopes may have deceived them.”

“But may we not also say, my Lord, that they were deceived into those hopes?”

“No, no, Mr. Blount,” again smiling kindly; “we may not say so.”

“Well then, my Lord,” and Gerald responded the good humour of the Minister’s handsome features; “only this; they were allowed to deceive themselves.”

“Perhaps that comes nearer to it.”

Gerald having previously risen, the Minister now touched his hand, and bowed him out.

“Yes,” he soliloquized, as he walked down Pall-Mall, “I suppose, after all, such is the real state of the case. I wish, for their own sakes, as well as for facilitating the regeneration I propose in their favour, that my half-country-

men would get rid, in a degree, of their habit of taking for granted every thing they hope may come to pass. Notwithstanding his coxcombry, Mr. Stewart meant them no harm last night, when he commanded me to make them ‘a calculating people.’ Does their simplicity arise from ingenuous feelings, or from careless and rash habits of thinking?—from a freshness of heart that cannot conceive of others the simulation (old Bacon’s lauded word) it is itself unconscious of, or from unformed character, and that ardour to obtain, which is a feature of mental indolence? At all events, *they don’t seem to know the world.*”

“My dear friend! my dear Mr. Blount! my dear Gerald!” exclaimed Mr. Gore, coming up behind, and breaking through his reverie, as thus, by a handsome climax, he gained the top of perfect familiarity; “A thousand thanks to your excellent brother! and, on his account, a thousand thanks to you, too! wish me joy!—My little affair is already settled, through Lord Clangore’s friendship, and that of the Secretary, and now I have only to wish my London friends health and happiness, and return at once to my dear, dear home!”

“I congratulate you, Mr. Gore, and am glad my brother could be useful to you.”

“Ah, my excellent young friend, I know how you feel; I know the hearts of all your amiable family.” They had now joined arms, and were walking on together:—“Yes; this very day I must leave you, every thing requires it; business, prudence, the feelings of a fond father; every thing;—but, good God!” He stopped suddenly, and laid his hand on his breast, as if to check some disagreeable or painful oppression of the blood, perhaps.

“Are you ill?” asked Gerald, in something of the dismay depicted on the face of his friend.

“No, thank you, no—not absolutely ill; no physical sensations—I beg your pardon; come on,” with a heavy sigh.

“But may I ask the cause of your agitation?”

“No matter; I scarce wish to trouble you by mentioning it, and, only that I know your heart, I would not; but, in fact, called on, as I am, by the united voices of duty and affection, to leave London to-day, I forgot, in the height of my spirits at the thought, that, owing to my hurried departure from Ireland, and not having

calculated certain claims connected with my appointment, and just made upon me, I do not stand prepared to—in a word, I cannot possibly stir till I receive an answer to a letter I must write home this very instant.”

Understanding this, though he only interpreted it literally, Gerald had before obliged his English-Irish countrymen, and with the best heart in the world (Mr. Gore said he knew it was,) he therefore hesitated. While at Cambridge, expected remittances used sometimes to take a long time in coming from Ireland to certain of his friends there, and Gerald, more than once appealed to, seldom refused to make up for their delay. But after their arrival at Cambridge, at least after the day when, making every possible allowance, they ought to have arrived, he was surprised that, in the proportion in which he had anticipated them, they took a still longer time in coming to him. In fact, he was obliged, on one occasion, to trespass on his brother, (a thing, no matter how sincerely they esteemed each other, he felt distressed at doing,) when at last convinced that they would not come to him at all. And as no Englishman or Scotchman of his acquaintance

ever appeared thus skilled in spending more than they could afford, and forgetting to refund the borrowed surplus, or, as it might be, were ever compelled to trouble their friends in consequence of having been boldly sent out into the world without having the means of meeting its claims, Gerald concluded the practice was purely Irish ; and for all these reasons, as I have said, he now hesitated, though only one-and-twenty, to reply at once to Mr. Gore's statement.

"But do not let me annoy you with my private affairs," continued Mr. Gore: "I shall only trouble you for house-room to scribble my letter, Lord Clangore's house being at hand, and my hotel so far off; without particular connexions in London, I must submit to my fate as I can, for a week at least; though," heaving another sigh, "heaven only knows what may happen *at home*, in the meantime!"

Gerald's hesitation vanished. Mr. Gore seemed to hint that some inconvenience, no matter what, might possibly arise, by his absence, to "the three most beautiful creatures in Dublin," and he was conquered at a blow.

"My dear Sir," he said, "you must not, in

this case, at least, regret the want of close connexions in London, if, indeed, you can allow me to have the pleasure of obliging you."

"Excellent friend! dear Mr. Blount!" as he seized Gerald's hand, "I did not dream of making such a request; but, since you have so kindly expressed yourself, I—but again, I fear the amount of the necessary sum puts it out of the question; for I am called on, since my appointment, to expend, one way or other, and on account of the appointment alone, about three hundred and fifty pounds."

It was, indeed, a sum much more considerable than Gerald had contemplated; but he could not well draw back. He only ventured to inquire if three hundred and fifty pounds would quite enable Mr. Gore to undertake, without delay, his journey to Ireland?

"Quite: of course all my travelling expenditure has been calculated; this unexpected demand could alone cause any inconvenience."

Gerald stepped into a shop, and wrote a draft on his banker for the sum.

"Thanks, my dear young friend!—and be assured, that my punctuality in a remittance"—(Gerald winced at the word)—"shall be the first

proof of my lively recollection of your kindness. God Almighty bless you,—farewell !”

I shall not decidedly state, from my authentic sources of information, whether or not “the appointment” really, and exclusively, made this sudden claim on the worthy Mr. Gore; whether or not part, at least, of Gerald’s three hundred and fifty pounds contributed, in various little ways, to a subsequent display, in Dublin, which, with his fascinating lady, and the three “most beautiful creatures,” the spendthrift and needy Irish gentleman would, for reasons of his own, have almost “coined his heart” to keep up;—it is sufficient for the present—(we may meet Mr. Gore again)—to inform my reader that—(how Gerald honoured, as his sole comfort, his first misgivings!)—the promised remittance, which was “to give the first proof,” &c. took as long a time in travelling from the Pigeon-house to Holyhead, as any of its visionary predecessors, before alluded to, had done. I will be generous, and anticipate a little more. It never “came to hand.”

Gerald took his seat in the House. The night for the discussion of the Catholic Claims drew on, and he prepared the heads of his maiden

speech. Upon the last division on the question, it had passed the Commons with a majority ; a small one, indeed, but still a majority ; and now he anticipated some increase of numbers. However, while the opponents of the measure did not relax in their ardour and unanimity, there was a difference of opinion among the usual friends of the Catholics, as to the fitness of the present time for renewed discussion. Upon some trifling point, too, naturally separated from the merits of the question, such as the duty of an advocate to receive, or not to receive, from the Catholic Committee in Dublin, instructions for a remote contingency, misunderstanding had arisen, and personal feelings, not perhaps quite surmountable by the most dignified statesman or senator, were allowed to mingle with and to sway convictions long settled down, and zeal that could not be impeached. But the leaders consented to bring the matter to a debate, and Gerald did not doubt, although apprized of what has been mentioned, that, when once in the field, their energy would appear manifest in all its former force, and that their friends would still rally round them, and ensure a majority.

The view of the House, as he entered it, upon the evening of the debate, was, however, ominous enough. It could hardly be called a full house; and the careless or loud chatting of the members, during the disposal of some preceding routine business, so different from their serious silence or close whispering just before the opening of other debates, in the probable issue of which he had known them to have been absorbed, struck on Gerald's heart with increased foreboding. Looking more observantly around him, the Treasury benches seemed better filled than those of the Opposition, and this did not give him reassurance.

The grey-headed veteran of the Roman Catholics arose, and, notwithstanding the previous symptoms of indifference, commanded great attention. It was impossible for either lukewarm friend or determined foe to look on him, and listen to him, and refuse this tribute. No matter what might be their inclinations to the cause, its faithful and life-long advocate stood before them. Sincerity, divine sincerity, the attribute that raises man nearest to his God,—sincerity, once flashed from the eagle-eye of youth, and still mildly beaming upon the snowy brows

of age, could expect and obtain no less, even if alone with hatred.

Recollecting the attributed differences just then existing between him and his Roman Catholic clients, perhaps there might be observable some slight want of identity with them, not visible on former occasions; some subdued independence of every consideration but the abstract greatness of his cause. But no other change could be detected. With a peculiar eloquence, which gained from his own genius what it wanted of the academic severities of the old models, he still laboured to place, upon its broadest pediment, the question of human rights and freedom. Philosophy and imagination, so seldom found together, lent their hands by turns, and with equal force and propriety, to speed his task. In the quiescence of age, in the experience of reason, poetical associations still had their influence upon him, and, through him, upon his hearers too. After arguing a position, until it gradually assumed all the features of truth, the religious reverence that its nature had called up, beguiled him, for instance, into some old cathedral, and the pealing of the

organ-hymn through the length of the fretted roof, added sensations of holy influence, to the effects of human reasoning. He sat down; and, so soon as feeling could change into admiration, the cheer that greeted the veteran was the united voice of the House.

And here ended the interest of the evening. To Gerald's surprise and mortification, neither the friends nor the enemies of the measure went to much trouble in supporting or opposing it. That the venerable Henry Grattan should be heard at length, seemed to have been fixed; but that a certain result should follow, as much in course as if he had not opened his lips, seemed also taken for granted on both sides. Shadows and skeletons of speeches were, indeed, put forward; but, connected with them, the sole thing which challenged Gerald's attention, was the fact that some were, in part, delivered by former supporters of emancipation, who now, upon principles of temporary expediency, stated their intention not to vote for going into a committee. His patron, the Minister, was foremost in the rank of expediency-men, and, of course, Grattan found himself in a minority.

“Why, this is worse than our debates at Cambridge,” said Gerald to himself, as he made his way out of the House.

“What’s the matter now?” asked his friend Gunning, who, with his hands and chin leaning on his stick, had been sitting, introduced by a member, listening to Grattan’s speech, under the gallery.

“Walk out with me and you shall hear,” answered Gerald, offering his arm.

“Move slower, if we are to stay together,” said Gunning, not relishing Gerald’s bustling through the crowds in the lobby. “Stop a moment,”—it was only an excuse to take breath and balance himself—“there’s the little wooden pillar,” touching it with his stick, “that was covered the other day with poor Perceval’s blood.”

They gained the piazzas and—“Well?”—continued Gunning. Gerald stated all his surprise, his disappointment, and his mortification. I omitted to mention that, in the moderate temperature in which he found the House, he had magnanimously spurned the notion of throwing away upon it his “cram” speech.

“And is that all?” resumed Gunning;—
“why, how would you have it? There has been more talk, to be sure, on former occasions; but what good did that do?—what good would it do now to you, or me, or any body?”

“It would advance the question.”

“Not a peg. Come; you have left school, and ought to be growing into a practical man. It is very fine for a statesman of one-and-twenty to tell us that we should give up a certainty for a probability.”

“Pray tell *me* more particularly what you mean.”

“As particularly as you like. Englishmen know that they enjoy their present independence; their liberty to read, and think, and speak, without a book-censor, or an inquisitor; to go to church or stay at home of a rainy Sunday; to pass a shovel-hat in the street without being afraid of it,—these, and other comforts, they know they possess, chiefly because Romanists have been and are kept down. And do you think that they will set Romanists up again, upon the remotest chance of losing any one of their pleasant privileges?—or, most sa-

pient legislator, even upon the chance of taking the sting out of the Romanists by making them all good Church of England-men?"

"I thought, Mr. Gunning, that a little more of generosity of motive and view might have come to the consideration of this question," said Gerald, half forsaking what he thought his own exclusive grounds of advocacy.

"Why should it?—Generosity! what's that?—amongst men of sense, even of the best feeling, properly directed, it can and ought to mean no more than promoting others' interests without injuring your own. In any other definition, it becomes wild and unprincipled impulse, destructive to its possessor, and dangerous to the well-being of society. Here is a clear case of almost certain injury to ourselves by obliging others, and therefore here can be no generosity, as you call it."

"These are your true sentiments?"

"To be sure they are; and the true sentiments of the majority, I tell you, of true Englishmen—I don't care a straw about the word Protestant—Englishmen will do. We are reflecting people—selfish, if you will—and I do believe, that what in other countries is called

amor patriæ is, amongst us, nothing but a huge conglomeration of love of ourselves; but I am glad of it; I like selfishness; there's sense in it; there's the germ of universal good in it; because, where every man in a country takes care of himself, all the men of a country will prosper, and, better than that, be independently prosperous. I'm selfish myself; I take care of myself; and 'tis because I do take care of myself that I would not give another single chance of injuring me to these Catholics: and, I say again, 'tis because millions of men are of my mind that, till minds and things change, they must stay as they are."

"I am sorry, Mr. Gunning, since it happens to be partly a religious question, that some slight religious feelings, either drawn from my view, or from the charitable spirit of Christianity, do not seem to influence the heavy majority you would claim on your side."

"Religious fiddlestick! Charitable politics indeed! all very fine for school-dreams, but ridiculous when forming any part of the calculations of a man of the world. But stop; since you *have* brought in the Church, there's the most holy and apostolic bench, who, though not

exactly with *me*, are against *you*. And how do you hope to dispose of them? Have you never chanced to suppose that one of the first results of Catholic emancipation in Ire^land would be a strong effort, at least, to overhaul the rent-rolls or tithe-rolls of the Establishment? And—although I have nothing to do with them—are you valiant enough to hope that the anointed lords, and their family connexions, the other lords, who, taken together, form, and always must form, two thirds of the Upper House, will ever contemplate a measure leading, even by possibility, to church retrenchment? This is all as old as the moon's horns to me, but you really seem to have to think of it, yet."

"But, notwithstanding your thundering prophecies, we *are* making way," resumed Gerald.

"How?—your question has passed the Commons. 'Tis lost again. 'Twill pass again; and will be lost again. But let it always pass, and go up to the petticoat Lords, what will you have gained? what way made? Members of the Cabinet now and then vote with you. The votes of the same number of the dumb men would count as much. When you make it a Cabinet question I'll speak to you more on that

point. But it passes the Commons now, and some Ministers vote for it, and this did not happen twenty years ago. Granted. Not an inch of way really made yet. The true obstacles remain as undiminished as ever. Is it possible that in these seeming lapses into liberality, as you call it, you, a senator and a philosopher, see much more than the well-calculated appearances permitted, nay, organized, for the purpose of keeping the wild Irish people from playing the devil, out and out?—‘Evidences of the march of mind,’ and so forth I know you call them. Stuff. If a certain finger but wagged, they would, few as they are, vanish like your poetical mist of the morning. Do tell your dear Irish connexions not to be making so many mistakes. But no—no, don’t. If the delusion be broken, they *may* kick up their heels, and that might annoy us just now; though as Wellesley is going on so well in the Peninsula, perhaps we may soon not care whether you do or not.”

If *what* certain finger wagged?” asked Gerald.

“Oh dear, oh dear!” cried Mr. Gunning, half affecting, half feeling peevishness; “what am I to do with him?—Hark you, our States-

man;—first get a majority of one hundred, instead of four or fifteen, in the Commons, and I'll praise you; next get the bishops to give you a majority of one, and I'll praise you more;—and—(whisper)—then get a Royal assent, drawn from the coronation-oath and the conscience-keeper, and then—

‘Thy stone, oh Sisyphus! stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And’—the wild Irish ‘dance’—

“Good night! come and see me.”

“Ay,” ruminated Gerald, now left alone; “there might indeed have been other changes, as my patron says, than the change of Irish orators to an English Parliament, contemplated and meant by Mr. Pitt, in *that clause*; and if only half of what Gunning asserts, exists in fact, the people of Ireland have been indeed, and are, allowed to make great fools of themselves. Wretched people!—And, in the same view the Minister and I vote according to our fancies, without lett or hindrance;—pshaw! I’m tired already; there is nothing to be done but to assimilate them; though, how that itself is to be done, no one will let me think.”

CHAPTER X.

“NEXT Wednesday evening,” read Gerald out of a Morning Paper, some weeks after, “the Countess of Kilbane gives her first evening party, this season.”

“And I am to go, and here was I thinking it a week farther off,” he continued, addressing Lord Clangore. “And that very day, too, we dine with the Minister, I believe, Walter.”

“Yes; but you will have full time for her ladyship.”

“You forget his lady’s *conversazione*.”

“No, even allowing for that.”

“Do you go?”

“I rather think—no,” answered Lord Clangore tiredly; “to you it will be agreeable enough, even if Lady Kilbane, or her friend Lady Offally, asks you to take some of the heavy business of their Irish-improvement-society off

their hands; you can laugh, or accept the honour, just as you like, and then otherwise amuse yourself; but I've been asked so often, 'tis death; and then, from my 'official importance,' as they say, I am a mark for being asked again."

"What is the Society about?"

"Mercy, Gerald; don't put such a question!"

"Will it do any good?"

"Ah, how can I tell? Go to Lady Kilbane's, and ask there, and listen—you have only to listen—and then judge for yourself."

"A countess in her own right, you say?"

"Yes—and married twice; and now, at forty-five, the Countess of Kilbane is still eligible to matrimony; try if she's not; for I do suspect your many questions about her Ladyship, as well as about her unincumbered tract of Irish hills and bogs, Gerald."

"No, sister Ann; I've not courage enough for a female blue-beard; but I'll go and see her."

At about half past nine o'clock, next Wednesday night, Gerald accordingly escaped from a *conversazione* that was waxing heavy to his apprehension, and soon found his carriage stopt

half the street away from the blaze of light in front of Lady Kilbane's mansion. After enjoying many minutes the usual noisy emulation between different coachmen before him ; their scolding and calling names, and sometimes their flagellating each other, mixed with the dictatorial orders and commands of officers and constables, or the shouting of the curious crowd round the door, as a panel or spoke gave way when its enthroned director would not ; Gerald at last gained the skirts of a fashionable throng, who, immediately in advance of him, were entering the hall, or bustling up the stairs. Before he could make much way, a strange double-knock sounded at the door, now closed behind him ; and, as he turned in quick surprise, a servant admitted a strange-looking visitor. This was a little old man, low, fat, and waddling in his gait, with a healthy red and white but most vulgar face, a vast bald head, and wearing, loosely buttoned about him, a kind of easy great-coat, misshaped and uncouth, and of a coarse material, such as, to Gerald's eye, seemed of foreign manufacture.

“ Is *your* lady in the place, Sir ? ”—asked this person of a sneering servant, speaking in

an Irish brogue, too broad even for the gross stage caricature, as he slowly took of his national wrap-rascal and handed it to be put by, now showing himself clad all in new black, and standing in a pair of hob-shoes, covered, as was the skirt of the great-coat, with the mire of the streets, through which he had tramped to the rendezvous of elegance and fashion.

“Tell *her* Ladyship, then, that Mистер Cornelius O’Hanlon is here below,” he resumed, after the attendant had answered in his own way, and, half shrinking back, accepted, between a finger and thumb, the precious article committed to his care—“but stop, *my* friend,” still pursued Mr. O’Hanlon—“there’s something in the right-hand pocket of that snug coat I’ll be asking from you; it isn’t with these upon my feet I’d go up to *her* Ladyship,” smiling and pointing to his brogues, as they might be—“but as the streets were so bad for walking, I just drew them on to save the clane pair I put in the pocket:—give ’em, and I’ll thank you; I can just sit down here, in the corner of the hall, while the company is moving up, and put them on the poor feet.”

The scandalized attendant indignantly led

him into a room off the hall ; and by the time that Gerald gained the middle of the stairs, Mr. O'Hanlon, holding with both hands by the bannisters, and his clean shoes creaking at every step, waddled to his side, and, Gerald drawing back, passed him.

Looking through the door which allowed a view of the spot Lady Kilbane had chosen to receive her visitors, Gerald soon after saw him make his bow, and (but not until he had stood some time, evidently to her embarrassment, at the side of his hostess,) turn off with another singular-looking man, and retire to a corner. Mr. O'Hanlon's acquaintance showed, indeed, little of the peculiar vulgarity which fully invested himself ; yet it was almost as startling to see, in such a situation, one or other of the gentlemen. His face was not, like Mr. O'Hanlon's, broad, round, and ruddy, and surmounted by a shining ball of bare skull ; yet its swarthy paleness, its close deep expression, its large black watchful eyes, and the sleek black hair that ran straight across the forehead, within an inch of the brows, gave, no more than did Mr. O'Hanlon's, any notion of rank, or even of gentlemanly habits of mind or person.

“Defend me!” thought Gerald; “amid the refinements of this assemblage and place; amid Lady Kilbane’s tasteful decorations, her flowers, her plants, her furniture, her music, her blazing lamps, and her little army of sumptuous attendants, how, or why, in the name of taste and probability, are those two persons found here?”

He caught, for an instant, the eye of his highly-rouged hostess, and, as he took a step towards her, Gerald’s surprise did not abate in consequence of some words of (though they were not addressed to him) explanation upon the very puzzle that absorbed him.

A serious, if not stately lady, of the middle age, leaning upon the arm of—Gerald knew—her husband, as serious, and claiming by his brow and air to be still more stately than she, were passing Lady Kilbane, after a salute, when the lady’s glances fixed on Mr. O’Hanlon, now at a distance, and, in obvious wonder, she directed her husband’s attention, by looking into his face, towards that individual.

“Ask me could I have helped it, dear Lady Offally,” whispered Lady Kilbane, loud enough, however, to be heard by Gerald, “and I answer I never thought of the poor gentleman till this

very day, after the Education Meeting, where, you know, he said so much to the purpose in furtherance of our exertions; and then, you may remember, you left him chatting at the door with Mr. Loupe and me, and I was compelled to interrupt what he was advising, and defer it to another time, when, in the great simplicity of heart that so much characterizes him, he proposed to attend me, at my house, this evening; and as Mr. Loupe was by, and is his friend, patron rather, and all of us willing to meet Mr. Loupe any where, and he so anxious too, to get O'Hanlon in wherever good may be done—in fact, I was compelled to say yes; the trouble being, however,” continued Lady Kilbane, with a smile, “to have him understand that he was not to call ‘at tay-time.’”

“Perhaps, indeed,” said Lady Offally, “good may be done by making Mr. O'Hanlon more known; and, after all, his peculiarities are not his faults.”

“And having run such risks with his old friends,” resumed Lady Kilbane, “he is entitled to our protection. Besides, a little attention of this kind will make him what he is so anxious to become, for the sake of the new cause

he engages in—more English than, without us, he could possibly be.”

Lord and Lady Offally passed on, and Gerald saw an opportunity to make his bow to Lady Kilbane, and, immediately after, he was obliged, without a word, to yield place to a group of new guests. Turning away, the sound of a stick, on the carpet, at measured intervals, caught his ear from behind; and a glance round showed him his old acquaintance Mr. Gunning.

“The trio of originals complete!”—said Gerald, “though *his* presence here is not so surprising.”

“I was off but that I saw you,” said Gunning.

“Tired so soon?”

“Yes—of the two men I’ve just left yonder.”

“What two?”

“One of them a countryman of yours.”

“I am not quite Irish, you know.”

“Well—that’s the very thing he says; half-Irish.”

“Tell me about him.”

“Mr. Cornelius O’Hanlon was, till about two years ago, a hedge-schoolmaster in the

kingdom of Kerry, teaching his ragged boys to bless themselves and 'consther' Homer, and going to mass every Sunday, and to heaven, as his Milesian sires had gone before him:

“ But some echoes of some of the Bible-meetings got up by you half-Irish people, and, indeed, by us whole-English people, found their way to Mr. O'Hanlon, in the solitude of his thatched seminary; and, either getting a call, or curious to try a new calling, he turned round upon his parish-priest, and became a stout biblical. Perhaps he had wit enough to anticipate that the novelty of his appearance in the field would, as much as any thing else, create an interest for him; I mean his personal as well as any other appearance; in fact, the real, living descendant of a hundred old popish Milesians, coming over in his frieze coat at sixty years of age, with his luscious brogue, and his rustic simplicity, as it were, a converted soul from the darkness of Popery to the light of Scripture-knowledge, might, even to Mr. Cornelius's innocent thoughts, be a very picturesque and effective matter.”

„ Has he since lived in London?”

“ Chiefly, I believe; the resentment of his

former friends, in Ireland, and all that, not being a thing to be faced; and it is marvellous in what places I have met him, telling his smooth Kerry stories about himself and his conversion, and the thirst he had left, before he quitted them, upon the souls of his bog-trotting countrymen, for the word of life,—and all such admirable matter.”

“ Now, his friend, Mr. Loupe.”

“ Oh, I see you’ve heard of him, then. I can’t well make that man out. But ask Lady Kilbane; perhaps she can. This is her fifth season in town, since the death of her second spouse; and as, whether from fear of her, or that she grows so vast, to say nothing else, few among her own set seem over anxious to give her a third chance (between you and me, the first two died of her); as this is whispered to be the case, her ladyship, now arrived at the serious days of life, becomes Godly, and is given to religious societies, religious meetings, and Mr. Loupe.”

“ Where did she find him?”

“ I don’t know. Nobody knows where he came from, or to what country or tribe he belongs. Purely for the sake of poking him out,

I have myself been at the trouble of talking to Mr. Loupe; but while the language he speaks is certainly not English, but rather a kind of foreign idiom translated into English words, and those words not every-day words either, but the strangest old-fashioned cant, picked out of the Old Testament, still I hesitate to call him German, Italian, Turk, or Hamburg Jew. My best surmise, however, is, that he has been an old clothes-man."

"A Jewish convert?"

"Don't ask me, I tell you; his own rigmarole account of himself is the puzzle. If you credit him, we have the honour of redeeming him, not from an aversion to pork, but from a professorship in the Vatican, I believe; and he farther talks of having been at the tops of a great many mountains in Asia, distributing, with permission of Popish Patriarchs, that's the best of it, half-crown Bibles to Jews and Romanists he found there. And he has been, or is to be, in Ireland, too, assisting Mr. Priestly, who is here to-night, and Lord Harmer, and yourself, and the whole of you, in the reformation of that popish country. Go and speak to him; he will delight you."

Mr. Gunning turned away, but Gerald did not follow his advice. He saw matter more attractive for conversation. Through the open door of a second room appeared his old acquaintance, Lady Cox, sitting upon a sofa, and listening gravely, and, he thought, stupidly, to a young dragoon officer, who, his complete dress of scarlet half hid in lace, and his spurs intruded amongst flounces and slippers, sat, lounging sideways, the very prince of elegant puppies, as, with persevering smiles and ceaseless sentences, he lispingly addressed her. The young and pretty Lady Cox had changed in appearance since Gerald and she last met. Her fine form was more matured; it displayed a womanly luxury of line; but, Gerald thought, had an air of indifference to its own appearance, a neglect of display, that might be called half sad, half slovenly, and that the impression of the handsome face to which it belonged farther illustrated. While Lady Cox wore her splendid dress in almost the carelessness of dishabille, her slightly-pencilled black eye-brows—to the destruction of the perfect arch Gerald remembered them to have once described—without positive frowning almost touched her eyelids;

those lids half closed over the dark eyes, that used, when nearly rounded in natural expansion, to flash good humour and enjoyment on every side; and her small, full lips, of which the former habit had been to remain apart, out-breathing the joyous spirit within, were now closed in a hard, discontented pout, the under-one pressed into little wrinkles, and changed from ruby-red to a cold, bloodless colour. Her cheeks, indeed, were rounder than ever, assisted, perhaps, in this character, by the firm closing of her mouth.

It was evident, as has been intimated, that she did not care one farthing about all the languid efforts made by her military fop to interest her; and yet Gerald felt an unnecessary impatience of the self-assumed ease with which he lisped on, so close at her ear. Who was he who could thus engage, indeed monopolize, so interesting a woman?—"And what is that to you?" asked Gerald's common sense of Gerald's nonsense. "Pho!" answered would-be wisdom; "I have known her and her husband; and her husband is not now at her side, and this dandy is; that's all."

Lady Cox, turning lazily, caught his eye at

the moment, and, as she half clapped her small gloved hands, a change came over her dull expression of face and manner, that in a degree restored both to their old character. Gerald did not pause to analyse the nature of the interest with which he now rapidly stepped up to her. They met; and Lady Cox would have “an Irish shake-hands from *her old friend* Gerald Blount.”

“Blount?” lisped the young officer, at her side, “Gerald Blount?”

“Flood! is it possible!” and Gerald with some difficulty recognised his Westminster class-mate. They had not met since Gerald left school for College; Flood, at the early age of sixteen, having entered into active service on the Peninsula. So here was what ought to be one of the proverbially delightful meetings between old school-fellows, long separated, and again coming in contact with each other in manhood, and in the world. Gerald, indeed, was almost springing to shake Flood’s hand, when an extended little finger of that gallant person, covered with white shining kid, seemed to give the cue for moderate transports. There was no superciliousness in the action, no half-cutting;—

considering the whole character of the man, absolutely no coldness even ; Gerald did not therefore draw back, or draw up ; but, after a moment's quick reasoning, advanced a little finger in return, and was only very much amused.

Friendship of boyhood ! delicious is your recollection said to be, but sad are your common fate and history. After all that has been believed to the contrary, how seldom does your scented blossom bring forth ripe fruit ! I tread in imagination within the now deserted precincts of the old school-house, where to know was to attach and be attached, and a friend meets me in every young shiny face, and in the accents of every gabbling tongue ; I quit my dream, and, standing out in the world, I look round for those faces, and listen for those accents ; and, alas ! I see them not—I hear them not ! Some of the old familiar features are changed into coldness or dislike ; a word, I may have penned or spoken, and forgotten—an articulated puff of breath has made them enemies ; others are estranged from the mere maturity of different characters within us, that in the little miniature world of the school-house had not developed themselves, or had been unno-

ticed, or mistaken ;—and others still vail to my glance, in the sad inferiority of social degradation. Oh ! of the fading of many into the confusing shadows of the tomb, I speak not, think not ; but of the fortunes of those friends of childhood and of boyhood, whom in every other way I have lost, a tale might be told, exhibiting in epitome all the causes for regret, for moralizing, for tiredness of human life and experience, for very dislike of human nature, and yet, more than all, for the revellings of human pity, to an extent, and in a diversity, that would startle, with truth and wonder, every heart !—Ay, were I to show how, one by one, the smiling eyes of youthful friendship grew cold or abashed to mine, and how, scarcely with an exception, they left me to form, in the unnerving scrutiny of observation, new preferences, new facilities for enjoying life, I must necessarily compile a journal of true romance, so absorbing, so wretched, and in some instances, so terrible, that the philosophy which would confine its study to man, need not require with it a second volume, in order to grow perfect in knowledge, in reflection, and in disgust !

“ My excellent fellow, how d’ye do ? ” asked

Flood, in a shrill variation of tone from his ordinary flippant lisp, as their little fingers touched :—"and where have you been lost during the awful and tradesman-like lapse of, I take it, seven whole years since we parted at Westminster? I've caught, it strikes me, a confused notion of your recent visibility among human affairs, and, I rather believe, was to have inquired you out, or some such thing; but, friend of my youth, and all that, to what purpose have you breathed, I still venture to ask, until the month before the last, or thereabout?"

Gerald, good humouredly, gave an account of himself. "As to you, Flood," he continued, "I thought, but that I meet you here to-night, I should have been at no trouble to supply a general idea of your life, during the same period of seven years; but I suppose you have only just been dispatched home from the Peninsula."

"Ah, no! too flattering biographer; more than five years, as they told me, I was, indeed, now and then bored, along with many others, in marching and countermarching after the very tiresome French people, and sometimes put to the trouble of marching on before them, and sometimes of knocking them on the head, or of taking a knock

from them"—this, to Gerald's observation, was indeed apparent; for from beneath the fair and well-curled and well-oiled hair of the narrator issued a sabre cut, that obliquely traversed his round boyish cheek, proclaiming, amid the very consummation of coxcombry of character, some abiding portion of the cool, unostentatious bravery that, in the case of the young Irishman, Williams, had distinguished him at school; indeed, of his bravery, as well as of his other good qualities, Flood never was ostentatious; but, amusing to say, no human being took more pains to display his own follies and nonsense;—"and so wore away the dull time—but nay; ungrateful and oblivious that I am;—thus it did not. I've but mentioned the exceedingly tedious accidents of life; its real business went on among the sunny cottages or curious old family castles of the fair south, where sun-burnt beauty, not less beauty for all that, tended the war-worn man, night and day, or with guitar and castanet made him dances in the noon-tide shade—vastly natural, fine women, the women of those countries, Lady Cox;—and black hair, black eyes, high foreheads, and little, little red mouths, and the shape tending to the *embonpoint*, quite their

standard of beauty, suffer me to assure you.” This digression was delivered in a lisp of, to Gerald’s ear, confounded impudence, as the half closed eyes of Flood languidly glanced from one to another of the characteristics he enumerated, so obvious in the face and form of Lady Cox; “And then, good Blount, all this apart, one does get such things, and, if one will be at the trouble, learn such things, in those abroad-places; it is enormously agitating to bring matters to mind, as connected with dates and localities; but, as it just now strikes me, it was at or about a village called Niza, while domesticated in the prettiest villa in Portugal, among the freshest-hearted creatures, Lady Cox, that I had the happiness to obtain my two dozen of undoubted Barcelonas; in the citadel, or some such part, of Badajos, an old Frenchman, my prisoner on parole, after that excessively annoying affair, gave me, out of pure gratitude, my peerless marasquina—and oil-of-lavender-blackening receipt, which I would not exchange for a majority; an ancient man, with a vastly long beard, Turkish I fancy, who attended our camp near Merida, let me have, after days of negotiations, for fifty pounds, my box of cigars, (in-

cluding my amber cigar-tube,) of which even the yet unexhausted portion is beyond double the money ;—my incomparable Poodle—(some aver the original *chien Munito*; he can do such things, Lady Cox—every thing but speak,—and sometimes he rather startles me with that too, as we sit alone together, I not minding him, over my meerchaum, and he at last losing patience, asking me to play with him,)—my Poodle, I say, I picked up on the road to Burgos ; this quiz-chain, true Asiatic twist and joint, and weighing above half a pound of gold, cost me a little trouble ;—at Talavera, if I do not atrociously err, I happened to see one of our fellows disposed to sabre a young officer of the very teasing enemy, who was already down, and, you know, the case required me to go to the trouble of taking the cut on my own sword ; but the uncommon inconvenience the young Frenchman put me to did him no good, for the bullet he had previously received was abundantly sufficient for him, without the favour intended by our rascal ; in truth, I imagine he did not hold out above a few minutes after I spoke to him ; but the youth fancied I was so friendly that his very last words endowed me

with this trophy. I value it on his account as well as its own," continued Flood, "for even during the very limited period of our mortal acquaintance I had a notion—though I do deeply sicken at what you philosophers, my Blount, call observation of character—I had, however, an excessively slight notion that I might have liked the lad, provided he could have arranged to stand up, take my arm, and limp with me to my quarters, and afterwards live, like a rational person, some time within the sphere of my acquaintance. Poor fellow!" he went on, forgetting for an instant his affectation, much to Gerald's delight, though immediately after he resumed it—"poor fellow! he pressed my hand too, in their violent French way; and it occurs to me as possible that the absolutely last word he tried, and could not finish, was—'mother!' but confound him,—that's all such vast nonsense."

The self-compelling military dandy here took out a gold snuff-box, but with a "bah!—only my engine-turned," put it up again and produced a second, an antique, richly and curiously embossed, and adding "ay—here is the true

high-dried !” exquisitely flattered his nasal appetite with a few grains held on the upturned thumb.

“ Ah, poor, vain human nature !” said Lady Cox in an “ aside,” that only Gerald heard, and that was uttered very gravely, and followed by a little groan. He did not know what to make of the expression, or of the manner and cadence accompanying it ; but supposing the present moment unfelicitous for hinting at an explanation, turned again to his old school-fellow.

“ How do our mere countrymen get on in the field, Flood ?”

“ The question rather preposterously supposes one disposed to make observations,” replied Flood, proceeding with his pinch ; “ but against any such inexpressibly curious chimera, I’ve a faint notion my voice has before been slightly heard. However, people you are amongst do talk of those things, and it does, in a most shadowed manner, occur to me that I may produce some remote resemblance of an answer to your serious and incommodious question, worthy Blount. Generally, then, you will comprehend that our mere and dear Irish con-

nexions do not get on at all ; that is, I incline to believe, using the term in the sense of advancing themselves in the noncommissioned list, or in the particular estimation of disciplinarians ; but nothing inclining by it to aver that, in the field, with the bayonet, they do *not* get on considerably, one may suppose, to the inconvenience of the enemy, and, it may be added, in a monstrously ferocious way. My most esteemed parent, Sir Robert Flood, has had the honour of counting some regiments of them in his brigade ; and from him, and many other people, (if one could be bored by minute recollection of things,) as well, I may distantly venture to intimate, as by one's individual remarks, (if, again, one could always be bound to recall the matters that one's eyes present to one's comprehension,) but by those several means, perhaps, it has reached me that the pure Hibernian fellows on the Peninsula may be said to be exceedingly good for close and hot work ; for instance—as I fancy I have just now indicated—the turning a wing with the steel ; or taking the forlorn-hope across a lake or river, in open boats, under a three-tiered battery of grape, into some kind of

breach or other, upon which no ordinarily-rational person would make attempt, even supposing the open-boat business remotely out of the question; and now it does occur, in a less faint shape, that at the word ‘prepare to charge!’ they are in the preposterous habit of taking off and hiding under some bush or stone their shoes and gaiters, and then galloping forward, rather than observing the allotted double quick time, with very extraordinary yells, to the column pointed out for their work”—and Flood went on, his sympathizing bravery once more nearly putting his affectation out—“I’ve an idea, like that of a scattered dream, of some such event, that once, while on such a forlorn-hope as I in the second instance glanced at, they used to send up, from their little boats, the same atrocious description of national war-whoop, for every shower of grape and shell that came from the old fortress, though with it, portions and members of themselves flew rather numerously over the water, and boats sunk or turned up, and so forth, until by the time a landing happened to occur, one fellow out of twenty might have been in a convenient state to effect it; but to all this

let it be added that the provost-serjeants, and the trees of Portugal and Spain were much inconvenienced by them, in consequence of their occasional abduction, upon, perhaps, a forced march, or sometimes during something resembling a run, as from Burgos, of such hens and ducks, kids, lambs and little pigs, as were to be found in the track of a column."

"In fact," said Gerald, "they are occasionally good auxiliaries in a field; but an army exclusively composed of them——"

"Would, it occurs to me, be with considerable facility outmanœuvred, surrounded, cut off from supplies, or such things," interrupted Flood.

"But not as easily beaten hand to hand?" still questioned Gerald.

"Possibly not—that is, if you are disposed somewhat explicitly to mean, good Blount, the very limited portion of success, in rather extensive affairs, which may be said to depend on mere fighting."

"I've heard you mention you had not lately returned from the Peninsula, Flood."

"My good Blount, if I were to particularly

tax my memory, I do suppose nearly two human years have elapsed since my excellent father sent me, not to England, but to dear, dear Ireland, to be nursed, as he and my Irish old-maiden friends called it, out of the accidental results of a hurt I had had the honour to receive at —— I'm sure I will not now aver where."

"I remember it, however," said Gerald, "and remember, too, that the newspaper list gave but few hopes to an old school-fellow of ever seeing you again, though it had missed me that we are indebted to Irish hands for almost completely restoring your visage to its original comeliness."

"It was not this, my excellent fellow," touching his cheek, "but rather one of the French musket-balls, so remarkably smaller than ours, which caused the slight inconvenience we allude to: a few months, however, in Ireland, again made your ancient friend fit for the aspirations after the tented field, and so forth, that I *can* recollect we used so poetically to read of, now and then, at Westminster; and my gracious parent received due intimation of the circumstance. But he was pleased to impose his commands for a still longer sojourn in the greenest isle in the

world ; and to render his sentence remotely tolerable, your exile became appointed aid-du-camp to the deputy King of that emerald country ; nay, and held his distinguished appointment until within a very few days ago, under the successor of the vice-regal monarch it was his felicity first to serve. And oh ! curious-minded and man-and-thing-observing Blount ! why were you not in my place, to be inexpressibly the better for all I saw and heard,—but, for your inestimable sake be it regretted, cannot now accurately call up to improve you ? Some snatches of the agreeable dream I was, however, attempting for Lady Cox's attentive ear, before you condescended to join us."

" Go on, go on," said Gerald.

" School-mate, never distress one by asking in so impatient a way ; but I conjecture I had, when you came up, just been noticing to her Ladyship, the regal state and observances of my first Irish Sovereign. He was a big, a very big vice-king, addicted, out of patronage of his adopted people, to playing of rackets, and imbibing the illicit distillation of their mountain corn. As one of his pun-gent Dublin judges said of his own situation, my monarch kept a

racket-court—be it permitted to his Excellency's ex-servant to add, inside his castle, as well as out of it. The never-fading honour has been mine to hold the deputy royal hat, coat, and vest, (and dram and bottle, too,) while, clad in Welsh flannel, his muscular arm struck out the bounding racket-ball. The unpretending individual who sits before you has listened twice, or, could he boast a memory, perhaps more than that, to the historical anecdote of the York whisker, its destruction and scattering to the winds of Heaven, by the fierce pistol-bullet of his illustrious chief.

“Under this, my first master, we were all Orange.”

“Do, Flood,” interrupted Gerald, “since you must have seen and heard so much about it, do tell me exactly what that word means, in Ireland?”

“Incredibly monstrous question, fellow-student. Hope nothing from us, ‘exactly.’ One cannot be an Irish party prism in your philosophic hands, to collect, so very precisely, the intellectual rays, that, in your paternal land, fascinate the eye with orange, blue, or green.

We were Orange, I aver, and I aver no more. Our court graciously received Orange addresses, congratulations, and duteous requests not to go away, and we vouchsafed affectionate answers. There was a statue of a man with a philibeg on horseback, in the middle of a Dublin street, and this was our Jaggernaut; and neither the old man of the sea, nor the metal man that rowed a boat round the adamantine mountain, nor yet the metal horse on the top of that mountain, three personages to be met with, I fancy, in the pleasant volumes of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, ever created a more absorbing interest. The question was, should the egg be broken for eating at top or bottom? in other words, should this bare-legged man and his horse be dressed or not be dressed, with a score yards of ribbons, once or twice in the year? Behold the grand question that agitated our Court. Your poor friend and orator has assisted at its discussion, and conveyed dispatches about it, often enough to entitle him slightly and modestly, to lay claim to the gratitude of his paternal country.

“ It does not strongly occur to me to denominate our colour under my next master. Per-

haps it might be speculatively called a dun-colour ; or, if we were Orange, we did not immediately care to blazon it forth ; or we had vastly more serious things to do. Our Court now became a proper, virtuous, well-behaved Court. We cultivated turnips in the lawn of our Vice-Regal Lodge in the Phoenix Park : and our Deputy-Queen and the young Princesses held sober drawing-rooms, or went forth arrayed in Dublin Liberty Tabinet, to rescue, by a subscription ball at the Rotunda, thousands of the vastly ingenious manufacturers of that excellent and glossy article, from immediate demise by hunger, and the dearth of Bible."

"Pray be less profane in your expressions, Captain Flood," said Lady Cox, severely. He flowed on without minding.

"There our sovereign and his consort sat on little thrones, and we of the household, the corporation, the law, and the prescription, formed around a goodly court. It was excessively entertaining. One could hardly see king and queen better performed at the more regular theatres ; and all the tabinet women of Dublin round about us ; all the lady-mayoresses for twenty years before, mostly keeping their titles,

because during office, James, John, or Tom, had been dubbed Sir John, Sir James, or Sir Tom; and the sheriffs' wives, too, all calling each other 'my lady,' and the whole of this being Dublin aristocracy."

"Come, Flood, now show us a few of the beauties of your Rotunda assembly," said Gerald.

"Indeed!" resumed Flood, speaking to himself; "can it be so possible?" quite re-assuming the languid lisp he had lately in a degree forgotten. "Yes, though—Blount, your pardon—Lady Cox, yours—to think of seeing her here!" and with his curious quizzing-glass, suspended from his half-pound Asiatic gold-chain, he was sliding off, when the catching of his spur in one of Lady Cox's negligently-disposed flounces, caused a moment's demur. With Gerald's assistance, however,—Flood scarcely noticing the disaster, but still looking off—the flounce was quickly restored to its liberty, and at last the gallant young dandy clanked to a card-table, and they saw him address and stand over the chair of a very charming young girl.

"And now he is gone," said Lady Cox, "I don't know when I have been so much relieved.

He's a very tiresome, spoilt young man. I knew him in Dublin; but, although not independent in point of personal happiness of any proper friendly attention, his levity, and I repeat what I've just charged him with—his irreligious turn, were not the things for me."

"How!" cried Gerald, still quite at a loss to make out Lady Cox in her new character, "and could so much merit, in every way, stand in need of—"

"Mr. Blount," interrupted her Ladyship more gravely than ever, while her eyes sought the floor, "if, at a former period of our acquaintance I was child enough to interchange such silly allusions and conversations, allow me to inform you, that reflection and good example, assisted, perhaps, by the want of the personal happiness I have before alluded to, now warn me to adopt a different style of speaking, as well indeed, as of acting. I am, let me be thankful for it," her dark eyes half moistened, were here lifted up,—“I am in time, I hope, arrived at the settled conviction, that in this uncertain and contemptible life we have only one anchor, one true source of enjoyment."

"Then I have the honour to think with you,

Madam," said Gerald; getting out of his puzzle a little; yet why any portion of the conversation they might have held together, during the short period of their last and first meeting should thus be so particularly, and, he thought, penitentially adverted to, seemed to propose a new puzzle, though of a different kind.

"And," continued the young, and, notwithstanding her protest, the still almost childish Lady Cox—"and Mr. Blount, the reason why, without either affectation or doubt, I tell you I *can* draw some interest from your conversation in general society, is, because from my observation of your character I think you well-founded in religious principles at least, and therefore, not likely to speak as irreverently as other young men do on religious subjects."

"How suddenly sage the lady gets! This is partly sullenness, on some domestic account; partly affectation, in spite of her disclaimer; and partly caught from some Dublin Saint-Society," thought Gerald: but, when he spoke aloud, he made proper acknowledgments for the confidence placed in him, and the honour done him.

Both remained an instant silent. Then, acting upon the first partial cause ascribed by him for the lady's humour, he suddenly asked, looking round on every side, "Where's Sir Richard?"

"Oh, Mr. Blount!" in almost sufficient energy to attract twenty neighbouring eyes, "can you ask so cruel a question?"

"Cruel! I beg pardon for any mistake I may have made; but let me also assure your Ladyship, I was unaware of any one circumstance calculated to make my question disagreeable."

"Then I forgive you for it; but no more now; Lady Offally, Lady Angelica Hunt, Miss Flint, Miss De Vere, my mamma, and all their coterie come this way: and do not go either; what they come to talk about ought to interest you."

"Is he dead? or drinking claret, or whisky punch, day and night, in old Ireland? or lying ill of typhus fever, or what?" soliloquised Gerald.

CHAPTER XI.

OF the group alluded to by Lady Cox, Gerald exchanged symptoms of recognition with Lord and Lady Offally, with Mrs. Sparrow, mother to Lady Cox, and wife of an Irish Archdeacon, whom in softness of manner, of face, or person, and even of voice, she little resembled; with Lords Horsemantown, and Harmer, and with the sombre, grand-looking Mr. Priestly; and Lady Offally made him known to the Lady Angelica Hunt, "her sister patroness," and to the Misses De Vere and Betsy Flint, the first "one of the Secretaries to the London Committee of the Parent Society;" the other a Secretary also, to the most considerable of the very important Irish associations branching from it.

"Patronesses and Secretaries?" queried Gerald, as he got through his bows; "Parent Society and Branching Associations?—oh, I

forgot; here we have the matter Clangore warned me of."

"And now, Mr. Blount," said the seriously-dignified Lady Offally, "we come to you across the room to make a request, and you cannot refuse us."

"You *won't*," Mr. Blount, pleaded Miss Flint, with a fussy energy of features that had seen their spring-time, and that appeared cast in the very mould for business; "you won't, because we all know your sentiments on the subject of poor Ireland, and your disposition to do good of any kind, and your talents to do whatever you like; and when you hear how heavy our duties are becoming, and consider how much more fitted for certain parts of official affairs you gentlemen are, than we poor ladies, and the great deal more you have in your power, every way,—and then our loan-system, that cannot, according to the tiresome Act of Parliament, go on with security to our funds, unless a committee of gentlemen be ready to assist us in the recovering of sums from defaulters, and idle, cheating people, in every district in Ireland—think of that; when you call all this to mind, I am sure, I say, you will afford us a hand and a heart together."

Gerald while bowing in double acknowledgment of the compliments contained in the first part of this address, and of general acquiescence in the claim made upon him, could scarce restrain a smile at the facility of speech it rather ominously imported in, he ventured to surmise, the person of some Irish town-goody, who, from her recent appointment as "Secretary" and correspondent with the "London committee," drew the present pride and glory of her existence.

"It is, indeed, impossible," said Lady Angelica Hunt, in whose full, rich, and widely parted lips and beautiful long neck, Gerald recognized the original of the companion for the *Chapeau-de-Paille*, painted by an eminent artist, either at her ladyship's or her honourable husband's instance, and since engraved and hung up in all the print-shops through town;—"it is, indeed, impossible that ladies should engage in a work of any extent without being frequently and painfully aware of their own deficiency of strength to carry it on with the degree of vigour, perseverance and exactness which they so much desire to apply to it; and I may add, that, fully agreeing with me, the honourable Everard Hunt is, so far as his in-

tentions can go, seriously disposed to co-operate in our views."

"The degree of precision and constant attention," subjoined Miss De Vere, whose English sobriety of manner, simplicity and beauty, interested Gerald more even than the ardour of her Irish sister Secretary, "which is required in those who have the chief management, would be a mere nothing to men of business."

"Whose hearts are interested in the service of their God and the welfare of their fellow-creatures," sighed, or rather slightly groaned the pious Lady Cox; her untidy charms and her sullenness still keeping up, in Gerald's mind, a provoking, and, though they should not have done so, a kind of unholy interest.

"Nothing effective can ensue if a committee of gentlemen are not ready, in every part of Ireland, to prosecute the abominable persons who break faith with the society," remarked her Ladyship's mamma, with a frown, an out-curling of the under lip, and an abrupt manly tone, that, aided by her stature, must have had on any half-crown defaulter as much effect as the civil bill course she advocated.

"Good Lord Offally," smiled Miss Flint,

glancing up at his Lordship, who stood in much dignity and a little stiffness at her side, betraying, in the habitual curve of his brow, and in the sometimes fierce (else they might have been silly,) gleams of his angular eye, a kind of old feudal hauteur not yet laid aside by some of the noblemen of Ireland—"good Lord Offally has been with us a long while; and here's Lord Harmer and Lord Horseman-town we have enlisted this evening; and Mr. Priestly, too—and—where's Captain Flood? he also surrendered to my first unassisted attack, provided—and I assure you, Lady Angelica, he was quite serious in making his terms—provided I agreed to let him have from one of our country shops half a dozen linsey-wolsey jackets for his next summer campaign in Spain, where the weather is so exceedingly hot there's no wearing their heavy regimentals—think of that!"

"It is certainly the interest, as well as the duty of the nobility and gentry of Ireland to support this lady's society," predicated Lord Offally.

"One of the means of doing permanent good must arise from it," assented Lord Harmer.

“The dyers and bleachers brought up under its care may be taught the value of the common materials they use,” said Lord Horsemantown.

“Others of your newly acquired friends of this evening have made their terms as well as Captain Flood,” observed Mr. Priestly.

“Oh, we recollect all that,” replied Miss Flint, “only, for our lives, we must not frighten the poor Irish with it yet, Mr. Priestly : one thing at a time, you know ; when we make them industrious, and self-respecting, and self-supporting, and tidy, and well-dressed, and self-reflecting, and all their cabins white-washed for you,—think of that—then you and Lord Harmer, and the Education Societies, and the Tract Societies, just step in, you know, and the good work is done.”

“One of your proposed objects is ‘to encourage the poor to send their children to school,’” resumed Mr. Priestly, “and so much being openly professed, and known to be so, by the people, surely you can in the meantime further promote the arrival of the happy season you anticipate, Miss Flint, by arranging that the children shall be sent to the proper

school-houses; to those where they can hear the words of the book of life."

"To no other must they be sent," said Lady Cox.

"Make it an indispensable proviso to our assisting their children or themselves," advised Mrs. Sparrow.

"No, no," demurred Miss De Vere; "from what I have heard of the Irish peasantry, and poor of every description, *that* would, at the present time at least, deprive us of all opportunity of improving them in any way."

"I cannot, upon strictly conscientious grounds, recommend disguised measures any longer," urged Mr. Priestly.

"And yet, we that know the characters and situation of the Irish, from constantly going amongst them, would still recommend a postponement of all professed views of changing their religion, while we teach them not to starve," said Lady Offally.

"But I am sure your Ladyship has not forgotten the advice of Mr. Boanerges, a few days ago," continued Mr. Priestly.

"I have not, indeed, Sir."

“Who that has the future interests of the unhappy people at heart, can forget it,” said the Lady Angelica Hunt: “brilliant creature ! no zeal was ever more pure or delightful than his.”

“Oh, were you there, Mr. Blount ?” eagerly asked Miss Flint.

“Where, madam ?”

“At the meeting where he spoke that speech, to be sure ! oh, I *will* never forget it ! After fully impressing us with the necessity for banishing the cloud of scriptural ignorance that overshadows wretched Ireland—‘With my exhortations and my morning and my nightly prayers,’ continued the divine man, ‘I have, at present little aid to afford you ; gold or silver is not in my purse ; here, notwithstanding, here is the dying gift of an only and heart-loved brother, sent to me across the wide Atlantic—’ at this moment, Mr. Blount, the dear Mr. Boanerges pulled out—”

Miss Flint’s utterance became impeded.

“Some valuable trinket ?” asked Gerald.

“His poor brother’s watch, Sir !” answered Miss Flint, bursting into tears, and then relieved, went on : ‘Take it, my Lord,’ he said,

addressing the chairman, 'take it and keep it, until Heaven gives me the means of releasing it; and those means may, I hope, soon accrue, from'—"

"From what, madam?" again inquired Gerald, as the fair and faithful reporter again paused.

"From the sale of my last volume of sermons, published by Mr. Type of Cornhill, my Lord!" sobbed Miss Flint.

"Indeed!" cried Gerald.

"Oh Mr. Blount, have you got a copy? I have, we all have; the carriages drove straight from the meeting to the publisher's, and, by this time, they are printing a second edition."

"We mark you down as one of us, Mr. Blount?" asked Lady Offally.

"By all means, Madam; any object proposed by such advocates must be noble, indeed, and any connexion with it, an honour. But may I inquire, more particularly, into the nature of that object?"

"Our ultimate view and hope is, that the impulse we propose to give to industry and good order among the poor of Ireland, will have prepared many hands for co-operating

with manufacturers, of great English capital, who may hereafter fix themselves in that country."

"An extended view, indeed."

"It has been said," remarked Miss De Vere, anticipating, perhaps, one of her reports for the next full meeting of the society,—'that the disease of Ireland is too deeply rooted to be cured by any thing short of great measures; and that industry and tranquillity can only be produced by a great influx of capital.' This is probably true as a *general* observation; but we would humbly hope that the exhibitions of increased local comfort which our associations present, may induce capitalists to follow up the task of which we have made a beginning; and that, in a few more years, commercial improvements may thus be spread over the whole country."

Gerald, while in some manly superciliousness he felt inclined to smile at this new scheme, projected by lady-philosophers and philanthropists, to work, "in a few years," the complete regeneration of Ireland, did not hesitate to admit, allowing for the pretty little prattle of the "ultimate view," that considerable social and domestic good might follow a

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rational perseverance in any plan that sought to make the Irish people more comfortable.

“In fact,” he argued, “this, along with other efforts, may help to assimilate them to *us*.” Gerald never forgot his favourite theory.

“Our dear Lady Eleanor Hope enters the room, and will assist us to instruct you,” said Miss Flint. “See, Mr. Blount,—the pale, the very pale, the very young, and (some say) very interesting creature, now nodding to Lady Kilbane,—with the clumsy red turban,—ay, I declare, and leaning on her husband’s arm, too—think of that match, Mr. Blount!—she in her first teens, and he fifty—but such a lively, elderly good creature! so funny! and so active, for his age!—hops about her, sometimes, at home with his foot in his hand, instead of attending to the quadrilles she tries to teach him; and is such a clever mimic!—with his face, merely, I mean, for he never talks people, only takes their pictures, as he says—and it is as sure as that you and I are speaking here together,”—(“Then how dubious it must be, whatever it is,” thought Gerald, “when the lady

has the whole colloquy to herself") — "that he certainly can change his face—eyes, nose, and mouth, and all, into every other body's face he has ever seen once—and chatters so much to us, women, from the youngest, up—ay, and so well too, (and is such a healthy man, of his years; they say, tourists always *are* more hardy, and last longer than your stay-at-homes)—that, I declare, we all patronize him. But just look at the fright of a red turban! and poor Lady Eleanor's poor white face under it!—Ah!"—as Lady Eleanor and her husband drew near—"Ah, dear friend! how happy to see you! how beautiful you look! and your beautiful turban!—Mr. Hope, you make a fool of yourself—" as the humoursome gentleman proposed some grimace so close to Miss Flint's face, that no one else could take notice—"and 'tis a shame for you, a man of sense, and no boy, like you—go, go play your pranks somewhere else, and let your poor little wife, she looks so tired, sit down here with me, there—go; dear Lady El.!"

Not hesitating to adopt Miss Flint's good advice, Mr. Hope, with another imitative grimace at his exit, quickly went to play

his pranks somewhere else ; and that somewhere was, to Gerald's watchful eye, at that side of Miss Roper's chair left unoccupied by Captain Flood. Neither did it escape Gerald that, while showing, or studying to show, in her manner, the utmost innocence of the event, Miss Roper had not remained ignorant of Mr. Hope's presence with his lady in the room. As they nodded to their hostess, and many around her, one glance of the young lady's eye towards the door, which, by the way, she had been glancing at all the evening, brought her the intelligence, and with it brought a superlative crimson—her girlish cheeks were always blooming—over her face and neck ; the next instant succeeded a hue more subdued than her usual colour ; and though she continued to play her cards without embarrassment, and laughed at Flood's lispings, and, above all, ventured no second glance around, still, to any one who observed her as Gerald did, Miss Roper's well assumed unconsciousness, *was* consciousness of a peculiar kind.

Lady Eleanor soon became aware of the subject that had been in discussion in her coterie before she came up, and now, with a very sincere vivacity, led the way in resuming it.

“ My only present misgiving,” said Gerald,

after he had listened to additional details of views and theories, from her ladyship and others, “is that you will not find the people of the country instructable or manageable; and that they want principles of honesty and morality to deal fairly with you, and feelings even to give you credit for good intentions.”

“Pardon us,” said Lady Eleanor; “miserable, most miserable, as is the condition of the poor Irish, we *have* found them all you suppose they are not. After lives spent in idleness that, of itself, could not help itself—I speak of the elders or matrons of families—we have found it, very generally, most easy to teach them habits of devoted and delighted industry; after having all their lives been contented in rags and, of course, want of cleanliness, we have found it just as easy to give them the wish and the pride of clothing themselves tidily. In repaying our little loans, honesty,—I may say, honour—of the most scrupulous kind has marked their conduct; and, as for feelings of gratitude, nay, of the tenderest affection for our efforts, I do believe no portion of Heaven’s creatures can surpass them, there.”

“Your ladyship delights me, by proving me

so ignorant," said Gerald, really pleased at—it must not be said this justification of his parent country—but rather at finding proved such facilities for making the Irish—English.

"As Secretary to the London Committee," said Miss De Vere amiably, yet not without a little official importance; "I can verify Lady Eleanor's words."

"And I," said Miss Flint; "as Secretary to the principal Association in Ireland."

"I mean, I can give you documental proof, Sir," continued Miss De Vere.

"And I," contended Miss Flint.

"From Clare, our correspondent informs us," pursued Miss De Vere, taking a paper out of her bag, "that when the institution at Clackma-cross was opened, ten women could not be found capable of doing the kind of work required; and in the course of seven months nearly two hundred were capable. Remark, too, that the neatness with which the articles are executed, such as lace, baby-linen, straw-platting, is the more praise-worthy, as it is done by the women in the evenings, *after they return from labouring in the fields.*"

"In the parish of St. Bridget, in the town of

Kilvogan," read Miss Flint, in emulative flurry, out of *her* official paper, too, "forty-six poor women gain a livelihood by a loan of from five shillings to ten shillings each ; and the following are their occupations :—

" 'Ten deal in vegetables ; six in fruit ; eight in poultry ; eight in fish ; six in hardware ; two in fuel ; and six in offal !' Think of that !" concluded the zealous and precise Secretary, with a little triumphant flourish of her elaborate document.

"Loans of five shillings to reclaim Ireland !" cogitated Gerald.

"A solitary instance occurred, during the whole of last year, in Cork, of a poor man who received a loan absconding after only paying part of it," continued the more considerable officer, still reading ; "and the circumstance was no sooner made known to the poor people residing in his district, than they proposed entering into a subscription of sixpence each to pay the deficit ; so anxious did they feel that the visiting lady should not suffer by the dishonesty of any one amongst them."

"A poor woman," rapidly resumed Miss

Flint, "applied to us"—(*my* present correspondent writes from Galway)—"and received from our re-productive fund a loan, which she expended in the purchase of wool. Before the spinning was finished, a fever broke out in her family, eight of whom were successively attacked by it, and her industry became, of course, interrupted, and she had not the means of subsistence. While one day bemoaning her distress; the ball of yarn, that hung from the roof of her cabin, caught her eye; and then she looked on the sufferers around her. The struggle was severe, but her better feelings prevailed, and she was heard to exclaim, in her own expressive language, 'No—no distress shall make me do that; it is a sacred trust'—There!" appealed Miss Flint, touching with ridicule—by her mouthy and affectedly pathetic manner of reading a really interesting fact—the natural impression of this little anecdote.

"The question of honesty I admit to be settled," said Gerald.

"It might allow of a hundred other proofs," said Lady Eleanor; "but does not its proof include the proof of industry also?"

“ Indeed the following extract,” resumed Miss De Vere, “ does away with Mr. Blount’s three objections together.”

“ ‘ We are encouraged in our exertions by the good disposition, punctuality, and gratitude of the poor whom we have assisted ; and it is most pleasing to us, that during three years we have been associated, we have not had a single instance of dishonesty.’ ”

“ At Kinsale,” paralleled Miss Flint, “ twelve pounds are turned five times in the year ; and some women, who trade to Cork with salt herrings, have turned five shillings seven times in the year, and supported their families—think of that !”

“ Last spring,” resumed Lady Eleanor, “ when my children lay ill of typhus fever, the peasantry I had now and then tried to assist, continually surrounded my door, in defiance of infection, with expressions of the tenderest sympathy, bringing little offerings of whatever might be acceptable, which the poor creatures had gone a circuit of ten miles to procure, and for which nothing could induce them to take payment.”

“ That is a proof of good feeling, honourable

to the most civilized country," said Gerald, touched to the quick, and perhaps, less than ever ashamed of Ireland. "But," he continued, after a pause, "why should they not accept payment? The compliment they wished to confer was of a pecuniary nature, after all; and *their* pretension to confer such a one seems absurd, and shows them wholly destitute of any notions of the order and proprieties of social life."

"You did not require a proof of their knowledge of the world, you know," observed Lady Eleanor.

"Your ladyship is right; I was indeed hypercritical; now, however, I have only to express my strong hope that Irish noblemen and gentlemen will fully see the claim upon them of seconding the exertions of your most useful society."

"And yet," resumed Miss Secretary De Vere, again seeming to anticipate a forthcoming "Report,"—"in reviewing the returns from Ireland, the committee have frequently found reason to regret the diminution and small amount of the local subscriptions."

"The want of resident landlords is, in this case, as in others, severely felt," remarked

Lord Offally, who from a late break in his income, had been compelled to live a great deal at home.

“ I know a very clever Scotch gentleman who says it has been found out that non-resident landlords cause no injury in any case to a country,” said Gerald.

“ He is right,” assented Lady Angelica Hunt, whose husband was son and heir to an old nobleman, who drew thirty thousand a year from Ireland, and spent his life (I do not add his money, for his lordship had a twitch of the “ old-gentlemanly vice,”) in Hanover Square, or in different seats through England; as to the honourable Everard Hunt, he never went to Ireland, and, on all possible occasions, public and private, called himself an Englishman; “ he is right; for it is not required that a nobleman or gentleman shall live out of the extreme range of fashion, and of intellectual display, of every kind, in order to subscribe, liberally, to the wants of this or any other charitable society.”

“ So we think,” said Miss Flint, spitefully; “ and if they only would remember the truth of your ladyship’s remark, our Irish contribu-

tion to the general fund would be more creditable to *us all*, and we might not be ashamed of our homely Irish fashions, and displays of intellect either—think of that, now!”

“What is your last Report from Mayo, Miss De Vere?” asked Mr. Priestly, knowing well what it was, as one of his own friends had helped to supply it.

“While I regret to say,” answered the fair secretary, “that it is not of a pleasing description, I am anxious to add that it is the only one of its kind sent in from any part of Ireland.”

“Such as it is, allow us, if you please, to hear it.”

“In answer to the query,” again read Miss De Vere—“‘what are the local circumstances which retard the progress of the association?’ this grievous list has been returned. ‘Dishonesty, long-confirmed habits of idleness, anxiety for gifts, disrelish to return loans of any description, and mendicant habits, and superstition.’”

“Ay,” resumed Mr. Priestly, “superstition; say superstition, in one word, and you have said all.”

“All,” echoed Lord Harmer.

“All,” reiterated—each in his peculiar brogue—Mr. Loupe, and Mr. Cornelius O’Hanlon, who had just joined the circle.

And “all,” agreed Lady Kilbane, with a hot fatigued sigh, and a heaving of a portion of her vast though fine figure, as, snatching a moment from her card-tables, she also came up.

And, “all, indeed,” still assented Lady Cox, sighing profoundly too, in zealous yearnings, exactly as Gerald’s eye happened to be fixed on her fine features.

“Let my sincerity and my duty be an excuse for my repetitions,” continued Mr. Priestly, “when I *do* repeat that until this society, as well as every other society established for the benefit of the Irish, boldly and openly fights with us against the superstitions of the country, no good can be done; no good ought to be done.”

“The poor cratures of *my* poor country are hungry and thirsty for the word, and crying out for the word, and hunting out the word, through holes and corners,” declaimed Mr. O’Hanlon—“give the poor cratures of *my* poor country the word, and they will ask *you* for nothing else but the word.”

“ You amazingly valuable creature !”—lisped Flood, loud enough to be heard by all, though he particularly spoke for the amusement of Miss Roper, who, observing the juncture of O’Hanlon and Loupe with the circle, had, with suppressed titters, and signs of anticipating delight, induced the dandy and her other attendant, Mr. Hope, to approach its outskirts. And at the same time that honest Mr. Cornelius made his speech, the latter mentioned gentleman also ministered to her enjoyments ; for, after studiously confronting the Kerry orator, he then stood at his back, and gave an imitation of his face, almost of his features, so convincing, though so exaggerated, that happy Miss Roper had nearly committed the sin of laughing outright.

“ I will go amonsht dem, and I will preash amonsht dem, and I vill thereby shee conversions amonsht dem, and the vorld vill shee conversions,” promised Mr. Loupe, taking up Mr. O’Hanlon, “ and de vord shall be theirs, and dwell amonsht dem : I vill tell dem of my sojourning in de holiest chitty, and round about by de vaters of de Dead Shea, and round about de holy mountain, and on de top of de same,

and in de holy valleys and holy places, and of de hopes dat vere born of my preashing and teasing, in every place, to de poor followers of de superstition of Rome ; and den, dey also shall believe ; for de people of Ireland are people ve have reashon to hope vell of, and many coming out from dem, over de vaters, to dis land, are good in de sight of good men."

" You flatter," said Flood, now selecting Mr. Loupe for the scrutiny of his quizzing-glass ; and again Mr. Hope produced an imitation.

" Gunning *has* made a hit," was Gerald's thought, as he watched the faces of Loupe and Lady Kilbane, during the last sentence of the little sermon.

" How sad Lady Cox looks," he said the next moment, turning aside to Miss Flint, tired of the scene which still went on.

" Ah, don't you know why ?" the question ; or something very like it, which Gerald had expected to provoke.

" No ; I am only struck with her Ladyship's abstracted and unusual manner."

" Think of that ! Not know what all the world knows ? Why, they 're in pieces !"

“ Who? how? what does your expression mean?”

“ Broke—done up—she has cut him!”

“ Indeed! so soon?”

“ And in high time, I assure you; people begin to think the poor little soul never cared for him; only, when her mamma gave one roar and one stamp of her foot, (she wears Wellingtons, heel-shod with copper, all the morning, and something else to match, folks will have it—the Archdeacon is such a gentle good little soul of a dear man—hi, hi!—think of that!) and my poor child, Louisa, not knowing her own mind—how could she at her years?—but these childish marriages do lead to such sad doings—why shouldn’t they?—she just did as she was bid, and had him, and then——”

“ Well, Miss Flint, and then?” asked Gerald, smiling at the energy of the narrator.

“ Why, then she found him out, a little too late; she found that the horses in his stables were attended to more than she was; that a day’s hunting, thirty miles away from her, was much dearer to him than the sweetest delights of home; and a night’s carousing with his field-

companions more prized than—she couldn't get her sleep for them!" continued Miss Flint, indignantly checking herself; "their tantivies and their chorusing used to invade the dear creature's chamber, eight rooms off! And at first she never repined; but sought—" (with pathos)—"sought, in religious consolation, a balm for her bleeding heart. Do you know what?" again becoming familiar; "it was not till the other day when, set mad by a mere word of expostulation from her, he raised his whip—"

"Vulgar scoundrel!" muttered Gerald, as his eye glanced towards the object of his sympathy, and found in her soft and fascinating form, and youthful beauty, as well as in the youthful wretchedness (half a display as it was) of her airs, nothing but what wooed the gentlest caresses of a husband or a man.

"Actually raised it," continued Miss Flint; "it was not till then the dear sufferer thought of protecting herself;—not, indeed, by the interference of friends, or by legal proceedings; but, no longer finding safety under his roof, and, though they *have* been married a year or more, not being attached to his house by the tender maternal tie—think of that!—she watch-

ed her opportunity to escape from the country to Dublin ; and her mamma, whom she hoped to meet there, having come over here—why here she is now, by her side—only three days arrived, and the most miserable of women, as you see—think of that !”

In a few minutes after he received this little history, Gerald was standing, unseen by her, over Lady Cox. She sighed dolorously. An answering sigh escaped him. She indolently raised her head and caught his eye, and they gazed too long at each other.

“ May I crave the honour of leading you to supper ?” he asked, taking a place by her side.

“ We don’t stay for supper,” she answered, in accents still sad, but perilously soft ; “ mamma won’t have me stay ; and indeed I would not have myself stay.”

“ You are so tired of us,” said Gerald.

“ Not of all of you”—and this, with a sudden look up, was spoken in an echo of her former brilliant tones.

“ Shawls, Louisa,” said her abrupt mother.

Both started.

“ I can at least order your carriage,” prayed Gerald.

“Mamma, Mr. Blount orders the carriage,” replied Lady Cox.

After Gerald had conducted both down stairs, Mrs. Sparrow returned to speak a word to Lady Kilbane, and he and Lady Cox awaited her at the door of a room of the hall.

“Shall you be at home to-morrow?” he inquired.

“To-morrow, at two o’clock,” she answered, laying some emphasis on the last words, “I accompany Lord and Lady Offally to a sermon at the —— chapel.”

“I will go too,” said Gerald.

“Then I will ask a seat in their carriage for you.”

“Thanks”—they paused; a foot came down stairs—“’tis Mrs. Sparrow,” he resumed—“Good night!”—he extended his arm, while his eyes rested on hers.

“Good night!”—she slowly gave her hand. He held it a second longer than it was necessary, and that second increased the danger of both. There was a pressure—at least on Gerald’s part—and both again sighed. Gerald had an impulse to raise the beautiful hand to his lips. A stir in the room, at their backs, made him

turn round his head, and at the remote end of the apartment he caught a glimpse, unnoticed by them, of Mr. Hope and Miss Roper, enacting something very like the scene he was beginning with Lady Cox. He remembered that, like himself too, Mr. Hope had, a few moments before he led down Mrs. Sparrow and her enchanting daughter, assisted Colonel Roper in conveying Miss Roper to her carriage; and indeed, the carriage was visible through the open door of the hall, the old gentleman waiting in it, while the young lady just tripped back with Mr. Hope to look for a light shawl. Error is never so well warned and startled as when suddenly presented with an image of itself. Gerald could not press his lips to Lady Cox's wedded hand, while the lips of a wedded man were pressed to the hand of Miss Roper, so near him in the next room. He only repeated, "Good night!" and released it; and at the end of the two little seconds during which all this happened, Mrs. Sparrow joined them, and Lady Cox disappeared with her.

CHAPTER XII.

THIS was not the first time that Gerald's heart had been touched, or that he thought so: indeed, many fair readers will suppose as much. And if I have not sooner detailed any of his love-scenes—(for the plural number is required)—I am prepared to state my reasons for the omission.

Whether from nature or his studious habits, Gerald's ability for carrying on an affair of the heart had not, during his growth from sixteen to one-and-twenty, kept pace with the development, almost to maturity, of his other talents. He was now very nearly fit to cope, in any exertion of intellect, with men of double or treble his age; yet not as fit to lay siege to the heart of an accomplished girl of seventeen. He would have felt self-possession at a cabinet council; but not by the side of "awful beauty,"

in a tête-à-tête. And owing to this want, or, let me be allowed to assert, (for he is my hero,) want of practice rather, Gerald, although full of susceptibilities of the most ardent as well as of the purest kind; although, in the haunts of town fashion, as he walked or rode or drove along the very streets, a certain description of eye could not beam from under a bonnet, or a certain description of lips—the rest of the features hidden—peep forth, when the bonnet was held down; or a certain description of ankle glance beneath a flounce, without making him sigh, either to know more of the amiable person to whom they belonged, or else at the thought that he was never to see her again; nay, although, when in the abstractions of Cambridge,

————— “ upon a silent, sullen day,
With a sirocco, for example, blowing,

* * * * *

And sulkily the river's ripple flowing,
And the sky showed that very ancient grey,
The sober, sad antithesis of glowing,
’Twas pleasant, if then any thing is pleasant,
To catch a glimpse even of a pretty peasant—”

although these exculpating facts be taken

into consideration, Gerald never yet had had courage or tact enough to commence and carry on a love affair ; or else such love affairs as he did commence he never carried on ; or, worst of all, they were of that ridiculous kind, as regarded the suitableness of the object, which leaves me little inclination to reveal them to the criticism of, especially, my gentler readers.

And in selecting, for my history, his new fascination with Lady Cox, very sincerely do I wish that the occasional practices of our fashionable circles left questionable the taste with which, reasoning from the last sentence, I appear logically to infer her ladyship's suitableness as Gerald's new object ; yet, believing that he will lose less of character by being shown in love with a married woman, his equal in society, than if he were boyishly to waste his raptures upon—(it was, however, twice the case,)—some fresh and blouzy rustic maiden, the piano-thrumming and Lady of the Lake reading daughter of some sturdy farmer, I proceed in my task, no matter with what regret at the very probability of being attended to.

First then, upon going to rest, the night of

Lady Kilbane's rout, Gerald resolved not to avail himself of Lady Cox's promise to bespeak him a seat for the sermon in Lord Offally's carriage. The next morning, at his toilet, he renewed, after some lapses, this good and valiant determination. He kept it up during breakfast ; nay, after breakfast called for pen and ink to write a line of apology, when, in answer to his ring, a servant appeared, bearing upon an embossed silver waiter a little three-cornered note. After examining the delicate running-hand of the superscription, and the sober device of the seal, Gerald read as follows :—

“ Lady Cox presents her compliments to the Honourable Gerald Blount, and has the pleasure to say that Lady Offally will be happy to make the Honourable Gerald Blount one of her party to the sermon at —— chapel, at two o'clock to-day. Lady Cox would add that, from the known talent and zeal of the preacher, much desirable advantage to religious feeling may on this occasion be expected.”

“ Staying away, after the trouble her Ladyship has been at, would be unseemly,” said Gerald.

It was the first time he had heard a sermon

in a dissenting chapel ; and while this one seemed not so proper or tasteful in language as those to which he had been accustomed, its energy and exciting power surprised him. He could observe, as he sat, Lady Cox's face, and upon her it had an extraordinary effect. At passages of different kinds she grew pale, or flushed, or, with unrestrained sighs, and sometimes murmurs, wept profusely.

The preacher was young, indeed very young *for* a preacher ; not more than nineteen or twenty ; and, Gerald had been given to understand, was one of those destined to preach the Gospel, at the next departure of Missionaries, to the savages of our remote colonies. Many of his allusions were to his proposed work, and, mixed up with a zealous egotism that was excusable, formed the most touching part of his discourse. He was, too, handsome as well as young ; and few ladies could hear him advert to the pathless jungles, only inhabited by tigers and boa-constrictors, and to hundreds of miles of swamps, and to impassable rivers, as broad as some of our seas, and to the scorching terrors of the desert sun, without feeling for him, as well as for the subject he explained. In fact, the

preacher proved as interesting as the sermon; and Gerald was jealous of him when, after he had left the pulpit, he heard Lady Cox ask her friend Lady Offally, if any one knew any thing of him.

He accepted a friendly invitation to meet Lady Cox that day at Lady Offally's. They sat together during dinner. Gerald, a little bored with incessant preaching, strove to divert Lady Cox into subjects he knew she had previously liked to prattle on. With the exertion of a little ingenuity he succeeded; and once more her charming eyes glowed or moistened at poetical allusions, or her voice murmured, or tears started, though not so profusely as at the sermon.

"She is an exquisite compound of sensibility," said Gerald; "such a heart, and such talented apprehensions, too, might, if congenially and properly directed—assisted, I mean—have formed a character as superior as fascinating. All this childish exaggeration might have become steady principle, or active intellect; but now, while still almost a child, at the mercy of a bad husband and a maudlin sect—what a pity!"

After dinner, he accompanied her, and Lord and Lady Offally, and other grave guests to evening devotions in the chapel they had that day visited. The scanty, pious light of the place, the primitive service, the simple yet fervid union of the whole congregation, male and female, in singing the psalm, pleased Gerald as much as the sermon had surprised him. At the same time he felt that in no other situation can man and woman be more likely to imbibe those sentiments of admiration for each other, which, sons and daughters of Adam and Eve as we are, lead, no matter how commenced, to but one predicament of heart—mere heart. For when can lovely eyes look more lovely than in the meek up-turning of (let it be) the purest devotion? or vermilion lips more delightful than in the gentle out-breathing of the psalm? or an exquisite hand more exquisite than, in a sisterly assistance to piety, turning over, for a brother, the leaves of the psalm-book?

While Gerald watched Lady Cox's eyes and lips in the occupations and expressions alluded to, I shall not even hint what unsaintly conclusions were wrought within him; but when her

hand, her fingers, sweetly and unconsciously touching his fingers, busied themselves, as has already been predicated, I admit that, first throwing a watchful glance around, he breathed a little sigh upon it; and, so privileged are the attentions of the chapel, or so unconscious the holy calm it communicates, I also admit that his innocent incense was not rejected.

Sir Archy instructively advises his son that, after trying all other places, he found Mrs. Mac in the Tabernacle. It was in her favourite chapel that, after the lapse of about a month, Gerald first felt sure, or very nearly sure, of Lady Cox's love for him. The evening service was over; the congregation, having been very numerous, took some time to go out, and Lady Cox's party, sitting far from the door, remained in their pew until the passage should be clear. Lady Offally, who guarded Lady Cox's right hand, bent over a row of ladies before her, and began speaking with them. Gerald sat close at Lady Cox's left hand. Some of the lights had been extinguished, and what with the gliding of feet, and the rustling of those in motion, and the decent and demure gossiping of

those who could not stir, any two persons disposed for a *tête-à-tête* of a few minutes might, to a certain degree, enjoy it.

“What a delicious quiet of soul,” said Lady Cox, as usual rich in her language, “succeeds, even with the miserable, to the performance of religious duties.”

“That *you* can say so is pleasure to me,” said Gerald.

“Yes,” with a tremulous sigh of praise; “I know, at last, the value of my immortal spirit; and that *ought* to recompense me for the loss of every earthly hope and joy.”

“Do you think the Giver of virtuous impulse to earthly happiness, and of facilities for its attainment, meant that it *ought*?” asked Gerald.

“No; oh, no! with my rebellious heart convincing me of the contrary, I do not think so; but for the wretch whom it has been His will first to form for earthly joy, and then to doom to earthly woe, religion produces consolation here, and rewarding raptures hereafter.”

“Your melancholy forebodings of a life of sorrow may not be well founded, and—permit

a devoted friend to add—ought not to be indulged.”

“What do you mean?”

“The changes of youth cannot be foreseen. The miserable to-day may be the happy to-morrow; and, alas! the happy of to-day the miserable of to-morrow!” Gerald interrupted his syllogism with a selfish digression.

“I admit it generally.”

“Even those,” continued Gerald, less selfishly, “who, to-day, do not possess the qualifications for making others happy—others, whose happiness depends on their making—may, by some natural alteration of character, possess such qualifications to-morrow.”

“But can those who, along with the want of qualifications, want the *wish* also,—do what you say? Can will be controlled? what’s *its* master?”

“It has, indeed, no master,” answered Gerald; “and, I grant, cannot be controlled by its own possessor.” He was again an egotist: “For will controlled ceases to be will, and the term passes to the controlling force, passion, impulse, or whatever it is to be called.”

“Then, Mr. Blount, for me life is hope-

less indeed. The being who now wants the qualifications to make me happy, also wants the will ; and—" she stopped and started as a stifled short laugh, or rather a kind of hysteric " ha !" sounded in a pew at their back. Both turned round ; but among the row of demure people, male and female, some whispering, and others silent, there to be seen, no face or eye fixed their notice.

- " Go on, go on," said Gerald.

" Oh, Mr. Blount, why need I ; why should I go on ? and why should you ask me ? We have never before spoken openly on the subject ; but surely you cannot be ignorant that you address yourself to a wretched woman, whose trusting heart—(*trusting*, at least, if truth permits no other term)"—the parenthesis was emphatically marked—" has been deceived, wronged, outraged ; whose domestic *attentions*, if not her *feelings*"—another emphasis—" have been flung back upon her, and whose lot in life is cast either for still experiencing this misery, or for solitary and wretched regrets, away from its actual presence."

" Enchanting wretchedness !" faltered Gerald, taking the languid hand that rested on

the seat by his side ; and forgetful of the roof that covered him, Gerald felt one of those headlong impulses of strong affection that, for the sake of sharing the lot of a beloved object, would give up friends, fame, and country, and, if possible, hurry her off to any remote solitude which the earth seems to reserve for such peculiar temptations.

“ Oh ! had it been my doom to have met, *before I met HIM*, a different person !” continued Lady Cox, not withdrawing her hand.

“ You might have loved—and still, not worthiness”—said Gerald.

“ Impossible ?” murmured Lady Cox.

“ How, impossible ?”

She was silent. He kindly and earnestly repeated his question. She was silent still ; but, unhappy young lady ! she wept. The tears fell on their joined hands.

“ How ?” he asked a third time.

“ I will—can—only say—impossible !” she at last answered ; and Gerald *did* feel a delicate return of the delicate pressure with which he had unconsciously eked out his last “ how ?”

“ Heavens !” starting up, as another strange though scarce audible “ ha !” reached her ear ;

“we are lost,” she continued, dropping in her seat. “*We!* oh! what have I said now! and the moment before—what have I said!” she hid her face in her hands.

“Has any thing particular disturbed you?” he asked, not again selfish enough even to notice expressions that overpowered him with happiness.

“Disturbed me! particular!” repeated Lady Cox: “rise, and look, if you dare, at the last persons now in motion towards the door.”

“I see them,” said Gerald calmly.

“Observe one of them, then; the tall man, in Quaker-brown, with the broad-brimmed hat—his face *you* cannot now see—his back is turned—is it not?”

“It is—what of him?”

“He sat the whole evening behind us; his head down, until that instant, when I sprang up.”

“Well?”

“But then *I* saw his face—and that man is my husband!”

She was able to deliver the last words in a whisper; but no sooner had they been spoken, than they were followed by a shrill scream that

terrified all in the chapel, and she lay senseless in Gerald's arms.

Scarcely restored by Lady Offally's salts, she was conveyed home by her alarmed protectress. Gerald gave no explanation: Lady Cox continued, during their ride, too ill to be questioned, or, if questioned, to answer. She had the power, however, to whisper Gerald, as he assisted her down the step of the carriage at her mother's door—"Not a word!—and do not go yet."

When, after Lady Cox had been led to her chamber, and Lady Offally had taken her leave, Gerald remained alone with Mrs. Sparrow, he could not comprehend what the last injunction meant. He took advantage, however, of his situation, to learn, by indirect allusions, how, at or about the present moment, Sir Richard was, according to his mother-in-law's belief, occupying himself: and indeed, the motherly indignation of that lady, on the head of the treatment of her daughter, joined to her characteristic abruptness, left Gerald no necessity, for all his purposes, to do any thing but allude. Besides, independent of his having been very friendly upon a former occasion in the family, his

polite attentions, during the last month, seemed to entitle him to some confidence.

Mrs. Sparrow, then, was sure that, at the very instant she was speaking—(it was about eleven o'clock at night)—Sir Richard Cox was either getting brutally intoxicated, at the head of a set of roaring fox-hunters, at his country-house in Ireland, or else engaged in other society, more degrading to him, and more dishonourable to her and her daughter. Since the arrival of his wife in England, he had, indeed, twice written to her and to Mrs. Sparrow, to command her home again; but when the answers returned would agree to a re-union only upon an acknowledgment of heavy crimes and offences on his part, accompanied by the most solemn written promises of good conduct in future, Sir Richard became silent; had never since made an application; and, Mrs. Sparrow added, seemed to have come to a resolution to trouble himself no farther in the business.

A modest double-knock at the hall-door disturbed the conversation, and a servant came up to say that Mr. Newbury, having heard of the illness of Lady Cox at chapel, had called,

late as it was, and offering excuses for his call, and a protest against intruding up-stairs, to inquire after her Ladyship's health.

Now this Mr. Newbury was the unordained preacher whose eloquence had first attracted Lady Cox to the chapel; and, it will be remembered, Gerald had felt jealous of him on that very occasion, in consequence of Lady Cox's question to Lady Offally, "Does any body know any thing about him?" Since then he had repeatedly met him in her company at Lady Offally's, and, though Mrs. Sparrow ought to have acted more orthodoxically, also; in the house in which he at present sat, and whether over-sensitive jealousy, playing its proverbial fooleries, turned little nothings into expressive somethings, or that Mr. Newbury's manner really warranted his conclusions, Gerald continued to lay up in his breast additional suspicions of the handsome young preacher at least, if not of Lady Cox herself. More than once he had found them alone; always, indeed, with the sacred book in their hands; but once, when Gerald entered, rather suddenly, Mrs. Sparrow's drawing-room, they sat, he would venture to say, unnecessarily

close, for a mere lecture ; and the pocket-bible having been hastily laid aside at his appearance, and also, being newly obtained from a distributing repository, the place they had been studying did not at once shut close, so that Gerald, as hastily taking it up, and opening it wide, at the same place, found this lecture to have turned upon the Song of Solomon. The present untimed and officious call of the missionary-elect, gave him, therefore, no pleasure.

But he recollected Lady Cox's delightful, though confused, and, he firmly believed, involuntary admissions to himself, an hour before, in the chapel, and doubt of her, at the least, vanished from his mind. He could then dwell on Mrs. Sparrow's assurances of the absence of Sir Richard Cox from England, supported as they were by his apparent indifference, during many weeks, to negotiate for a re-union with his wife ; and Gerald doubted if, in the person of the gravely-dressed, saintly-looking, and elderly-looking person, whose back, indeed, *he* had only observed, Lady Cox had really seen her youthful husband.

But the question which at present most absorbed him was, with what view had Lady

Cox commanded him not immediately to retire from the house? Did the words originate from any settled wish, or were they only the result of her agitated and incoherent state of mind? or, supposing them to mean any thing, for how long a time were they to insure his attendance? It was growing very late, and, without a seeming reason, how could Mrs. Sparrow explain his pertinacious *tête-à-tête* with herself? Besides, Mrs. Sparrow evidently took it for granted that her daughter had retired for the night.

While both now sat silent—"Hush!" cried Mrs. Sparrow, "can it be possible? What can she mean? or is the poor sufferer's head affected?" a slow foot came down-stairs; and, an instant after, Lady Cox appeared at the drawing-room door, a chamber-light in her hand, and her face very pale, yet very composed, except that her black eyes glittered anxiously and wildly. Having looked forward, she stopped, her disengaged hand resting on the door-handle.

"My child! Louisa! what means this?" asked Mrs. Sparrow, somewhat frightened.

"Not yet alone, Mamma?" said Lady Cox, in seeming surprise at Gerald's presence, which her hesitation at the door might also have ex-

pressed; "I only came down, being quite recovered, to speak a word with *you*."

"*My* appearance here certainly requires an apology," said Gerald, in a marked tone, as he arose to go away; now much embarrassed, whether he considered the matter as a whim of Lady Cox, or inclined to account for her sudden entrance as her mother had done.

"No, do not be disturbed," resumed Lady Cox, advancing with an uneven step into the room, and holding a hand to her forehead, "not just this moment, at least; I thought I was quite well, yet now—" she sank in a chair—"Mamma, excuse me—but some Eau de Cologne would soon revive me; pray do not wait to ring."

Mrs. Sparrow left the room.

"And now," resumed Lady Cox, rising firmly, and with a sudden assumption of that perfect self-possession which women of every description of character, no matter how weak on former occasions, can, in her situation, or in similar ones, so surprisingly command: "Now, do not believe my pretence; I *am* perfectly recovered; I want no such aid as my Mamma goes for; I did not want it. Mark if circumstances do not make

a quick scholar in the art of dissembling ; of insincerity ; of petty artifice. I wished you to remain here till I could say to you—I came down here to say to you—I equivocated and sent my mamma away to say to you--THIS. I have long understood you ; oh, that it had been but a little sooner ! My husband, to-night, has heard me confess I never loved him, and, at the least, could have loved you. Nothing but one course lies open to me ; therefore, and, as a first step upon it, we meet to-morrow morning, at six o'clock, to speak fully, in Kensington Gardens—farewell !” — She extended her hand ; as Gerald pressed it to his lips and bosom, the tears of a thousand contending emotions streamed upon it ; *her* cheeks were dry, and her eyes rounded and glowing.—“ Farewell ; my mamma returns ; meet her at the door, and there say good night ; I would not have you once more witness my wretched dissimulation.”

CHAPTER XIII.

GERALD went home to pass the first sleepless night he had ever experienced ; the first wretched one, it may be added. For hours the new, the happy, and yet the terrible excitement of his situation deprived him of the power of thought. He still trembled, as when, meeting, according to Lady Cox's instructions, Mrs. Sparrow at the drawing-room door, he had hurriedly bid her farewell. Passionate tears relieved him, and they were followed by softer tears of tenderest pity for the youthful wretchedness of the being he so fervently loved.

Her sudden change of character, from languor and childishness to the full force of womanly energy, then occurred to him ; and, glancing over the future fate it seemed to propose, nay, to command for her and for him, Gerald's feelings were those of consternation. Like many others, he had, up to this moment, absurdly, as well as

wickedly, gone on towards but one conclusion ; yet, because that conclusion now appeared in view, he shrank from it. Nay, he tried to form excuses for himself, that pretended, though they dared not avow the pretence, to deny that he had ever so gone on at all.

“ I loved her, indeed, wildly loved her, from the first ; but if I recollect my own mind, never sought more than to share her society, and, by all allowable means, assuage the grief that weighed her down :—then her religious zeal was my farther security, though now she avows that she has long understood me. . Could I think that, through a month of pious observances, and, morning and evening, of the most glowing sentiments of devotion—she was engrossed by other feelings ?—Is it the nature of poor, weak, but dear, dear woman, to feed, indifferently, with virtuous aspirations, or with throbbings of a different kind, one life-long tendency of the heart ?—oh, I am taken by surprise, and the surprise is tremendous !”

The sober, mental habits of his education, were, indeed, presented, in the latest conduct of Lady Cox, with, to them, a kind of scenic, overpowering energy, previously un-supposable.

And here, for a second, was intruded an egotistical and, it may appear, unfeeling silliness; yet those who are aware of the pervading power of a favourite theory, applied, since an early age, in some way or other, to almost every new accident in life, will perhaps account for his absurdity, if they cannot excuse it. “It is not English,” said Gerald;—“though claiming *to be* half English, Lady Cox *is* Irish;—in bringing-up, in mind and heart,—Irish;—there was my mistake.”

But, above all he could devise to exculpate himself, even by criticising her, Gerald loved, adored: and the full influence of the sentiment soon returned, to sweep away every previous thought. And now, life spent with Lady Cox, a whole life, in solitude, became his only vision. She loved him; she had “but one course” to take in consequence of loving him, and would he not take it with her? would he not, rather, permit her to take it, since she could only do so hand in hand with him? What was fame, what were court friends, what was accumulated fortune, compared with happiness? His present fortune was limited, yet sufficient for independence; he would be hers eternally.

A posthumous letter, written to him by his mother, with instructions to his father and friends not to deliver it to Gerald till he should gain the age of sixteen, lay before him ; he had that day, been perusing it for the hundredth time. The late Lady Clangore was a woman of strong mind and observation, and the advice to her favourite son, contained in this epistle, while applying to every prominent error into which a youth may be supposed likely to fall, was penned in an impressive style. Amongst other hypothetic cases, that in which Gerald now stood, had naturally engaged the anxiety of the mother. He read and trembled once more. The voice of a parent speaking to him, as it were, from the grave, in the dead silence of night, and speaking, too, of all that forms the character of man—honour, religion, feeling, social rank,—this could not fail to produce almost a petrifying effect. In fact, when, without having slept an hour, and after renewed struggles that compelled renewed and bitter tears, Gerald went out to keep his appointment, he had formed a manly and a noble resolution.

He walked across Hyde Park, intending to enter the Gardens at the small door that nearly

faces Knightsbridge barracks. Ere he passed quite in, a carriage and four drove furiously towards him, along the open road. Gerald glanced at it. A female attendant sat on the dickey, seemingly dressed for travelling. He looked more accurately and recognized Lady Cox's maid. The rapid associations produced by the discovery, startled — frightened him; and he walked hastily into the Gardens, and proceeded, by the little mound, along the private path that leads into the more solitary regions of the fine pleasaunce. His first impulse was absolutely one of terrified avoidance. Even yet, he doubted himself; and from her presence, still arrayed in the charms that had captivated him, and made formidable by her new accession of character, his resolved heart turned away in fear. Then he recollected that this charming, wretched, and beloved object, came to tell him, to prove to him, how devotedly he was loved by her; and Gerald's heart was no longer resolved, but yearned to turn to hers. I cannot, indeed, aver in what frame of mind he at last stood still at the outskirts of one of many clumps, or rather masses of trees, that

nearly enclosed the most private spot in the Gardens.

After the lapse of a few moments, a single figure appeared at a distance, moving along the path he had taken. In the firm step and self-possessed air it displayed, Gerald saw little of the former step and air of Lady Cox. As his eye remained fixed he ascertained, at a nearer view, that it was, however, no other than that ill-fated young lady: like her maid, she was clad for a journey.

They met in silence. Their clasped hands only made a greeting. But in a few seconds Lady Cox spoke. "Your actions, and your words too, have, as I said before, long assured me you loved me; but your more positive expressions last night in the chapel left me no doubt."

"Enchanting Louisa—I have loved beyond words or utterance—ay, since the very hour we met, though I dared not then admit it to my own heart."

"Well; and I have said enough to intimate my feelings; but I will now add that, from the very same hour, I loved, too. Do not

interrupt me—I have much to say ;—I ought to say much. But let me try to condense my words. The impression you made, at our first meeting, upon my very young and girlish heart, was not made because that heart was naturally light and fickle, or disposed to transfer its preference. Before it felt one for you, I became a wife at my mother's command, as I would have done any other thing she commanded, which was not, or did not seem decidedly odious: and Sir Richard Cox was not old, nor deformed, and I knew nothing of him but what he looked. Another object called up the hitherto sleeping feelings he had failed to awaken; and this, as I did not will or wish it, and as, up to that instant, a thought never strayed from my husband (he did not become or appear what he is till we returned to Ireland)—this, I say, was not my fault.

“ But though the involuntary sentiment could not make me guilty in its mere occurrence, I soon decided that its indulgence would: and, from the day that I entered my husband's house, my constant efforts were to forget you and esteem him. I must have been successful if he had assisted me. But he changed into a careless,

dissipated, bad, unfaithful husband; coarse in his manners; unintellectual in his thoughts; gross in his errors; and, at my least word of expostulation — (and believe me, my words were not many nor loud) — tyrannical, cruel, barbarous. I tried to make him love me again by the little attentions that he used to call endearments; but my power was gone, my spell dissolved, my wand broken. I read to him, and he yawned and cried out ‘nonsense’ on the book and me; I sang and played to him, and he laughed and scoffed: and when, hiding my perhaps childish tears, I have stood up, and in poor smiles approached him, and put my wife’s arms round his neck, and with my wife’s lips offered to kiss his, he would — not gently — untwine my arms, avoid my kiss, and put me from his side.

“I had been alone with him; now, I was worse than completely alone; and in this solitude, considering my years, my natural vivacity, my imperfect education, is it surprising, is it a proof of levity, that the thought once overcome should return upon me? that I should remember I had seen one, a little while too late, from whose conversation, talents, and turn of mind,

manner, sensibilities, and character, I might have hoped happiness? in whose presence my song and my music, my book and my smile, would not pass as idle or tiresome? and even if, in word or thought, pursuit or conduct, I had proved deficient, who must have been as anxious as he was highly qualified to woo me into improvement, rather than to scoff or spurn me into despair?—Do not speak yet, you think my words sound flatteringly, and call for professions: but pass that, and hear me still.

“In the midst of my sufferings, an old lady, a relative of my mother, came to live in our neighbourhood, and from the first, I clung to her fellowship and sympathy. She was of a very pious cast, and, in her repeated conversations, could only propose to me the consolation of religion. Her language possessed a power and zeal which speedily moved me, and, in full sincerity of heart, I became her disciple. She introduced me to persons of her own ardent sect; and, influenced, perhaps, as much by the novelty as by the truth of my feelings, I imagined that I had indeed found a partial cure for misery. ’Tis true, I never smiled in my new paradise; and quite as true that two ob-

jects, one celestial, and one earthly, almost divided my devotions. I cannot explain the seeming contradiction; but it is certain that I never poured out my soul in sincere prayer and zeal, without loving you the more.

“An extreme outrage drove me to London, and we met again. ’Tis useless to say how much your now perfected manner and education exalted you above even what I had recollected of you in my Irish solitude. But I will solemnly declare, that, until last night, notwithstanding our increased acquaintance, and my conviction that you loved me well, a thought of sharing life or fortune with you never occurred to my mind. I was only blessed in worshipping and praying by your side; and in the reflection, that even when deprived of that blessedness, I could remember it *had been*, and also remember that I was dear to you.

“An instant of treacherous weakness betrayed me into half of what I had resolved to die without saying; and the appearance of my cruel husband involuntarily extorted a conclusive expression. It did more. It——”

“Adored Louisa!” at last interrupted Gerald;
“might you not have been mistaken as to that

person? All probability is against his appearance in such a place, at the present time. Your mother thinks so."

"What! have you mentioned it to *her*!" cried Lady Cox, in a sudden frenzy that startled Gerald, and gave him the first indication of the vehemence that lay only smothered in her bosom.

"No," he answered, "not a word, not a breath—for worlds I could not have done so; but, by other means, I induced her opinions of the great improbability of Sir Richard being now in London—and, indeed, his character and his silence, for many weeks, seem quite against the supposition."

"You do not know *all* his character. In the midst of dissipation, and of seeming carelessness of every thing on earth but his vulgar pleasures, he possesses a power of starting to his feet, sternly, if not calmly, and then of vigorously, if not properly, pursuing any plan of self-assertion he may, with or without cause, take into his head. From one or two unexpected examples of what I say, I dread, as much as I abhor, my bad and tyrannous husband. Since I came to London, at least since his silence, after

my mother's letter and mine, I have not been able to divest myself of the terrible notion that wherever I moved he was in my track, and his unseen eye always watching me. As to the possibility of my mistaking another face for his last night, that is out of the question. Oh! the sufferer cannot so soon forget the features of the persecutor! One glance at the brow of his former gaoler is enough for the escaped and trembling prisoner! And though I hope he did not notice my recognition of him, for it *was* but a glance I had, and of his profile, too, and only half of *that*, as he bent his head to his breast, yet——ah!—heaven of heavens!"

Lady Cox screamed till the little solitudes around rang to the piercing sounds, as, clasping her hands together, she looked up a vista of trees.

"What? what's the matter?" inquired Gerald.

"Look! look where I point, or he is gone!" Gerald, indeed, saw a man running fast, and just turning the edge of a thick clump, at about thirty yards distance. "'Tis he again!" she continued, "and he has, until this moment, been near enough to hear every thing we said!"

Perhaps but hiding behind this very tree we lean against ! But he does not make me swoon now ! For now, indeed, my path is marked out; the path that bears me from him, from destruction, death at his hand ! Oh ! he would no more pause to shed my blood, than he would hesitate to shed that of the poor bird his cruel pastime dooms to slaughter ! This morning, this instant, I leave London !” she advanced towards the entrance by which she had come into the Gardens, and continued to walk rapidly, Gerald following :—“ London, England, Ireland, former friends ! Him and the world !”

“ Compose yourself, for mercy’s sake !” cried Gerald, taking her hand, as they walked along, “ be more collected—what do you mean ?”

“ And you ask me that ?” she exclaimed, dropping his hand : “ you who have brought me to say it ! why are you here ? why are we here together ? If you could have interpreted, in a second sense, my parting words last night, the words that proposed this meeting, why did you listen to them ? why act on them ?”

“ Beloved Louisa, hear me : I did, indeed, give those dear words but one sense—a sense that intoxicated me with happiness, that made

me at the moment, and afterwards in the solitude of my sleepless chamber, resolve to devote every hour, every day of my life, to your most honouring love and confidence; yet, reflection—”

“Reflection! you *can* reflect at such a moment! in such a situation!—you love, and you can reflect! Let go my hand! I spurn your calculating and cold conceit, as I loathe and fear *him*! Restrain me not!” Gerald struggled to restrain her. “I can dare my fate alone!”

“Louisa!” he flung himself on his knees, while mingled tears of pity and of contending passion burst forth—“let me speak on! You ask me why I am here! I answer, to say that which may restore—which—have mercy and hear me!”

His voice failed, and his head sunk on his clasped hands. As sudden a change occurred in her emotions. After looking at him a moment, she, too, wept, and also kneeling, allowed her arms to fall on his shoulders as she said, “Not to me, Gerald! not this low attitude to me!—not this bending to her whose almost idol you are! That you love me as it is my pride and my joy to be loved, I now see; and I could curse the tongue that has given

you one angry word ! Oh, Gerald, anger is new to me, as well as other things ! this is the first time in my life I have forgotten I was a lady, and that I should forget it to you, makes the thought sharp as a piercing sword. But I know not how it is," she continued, allowing him to raise her—"you have changed me, Gerald, into something I have no recollection I ever was ; and, be the change for good or ill, I am not the Louisa I have been. You have given me, along with strength—ay, daring of mind—a wish to think and to excel, which, I believe, was not born with me. Beloved Gerald, do not forsake me in the undetermined, undirected force of a new consciousness and character !—send the freshly-burst stream upon an even course, lest it rush foaming over the precipice ! In my present utter misery, horror, and fear, do not cast me off ! This is not woman's usual language, but must not the loving, desolate, and terrified heart speak or break !" She again suddenly knelt. "Make of me what you will ! oh ! I will be endowed with a mind and a power to prove worthy of you ! And, were we away from imminent peril—time, a lit-

the time, and the natural course of events, may allow us to remain together in ADMITTED virtue !”

“ Rise, if you would not make me mad, Louisa !” After many efforts, during which she almost laid her head at his feet, he once more raised her. “ If I do not love, worship you, with heart, and soul, and if I would not cherish you, with heart, and soul, and hand, against the world, let the power I invoke to decide, destroy me ere another word escapes ! But—”

“ That ends it !” she cried, relapsing into her wilder mood—“ that one little breath !—farewell !” she moved from him more quickly than before. He still followed, but vainly sought to stay her—“ I will take my revenge !” she added.

Dreadful misgivings occurred to him.

“ Louisa ! adored ! what mean you ?”

“ You think I mean self-murder, but you err.”

“ Oh, Louisa ! promise me *that*, faithfully and solemnly, if indeed you will not stay to give me a hearing.”

“ Do not be alarmed, Sir !” she answered, in a bitter and scoffing tone ; “ perhaps, after all,

your superb disdain may not prove enough to kill a poor rejected lady ; yet, expect to own me revenged, still."

"Jeer me as you will, Louisa, but promise that your hasty thought suggests no violence of any kind to yourself or others !"

"Others !" she laughed out : " why, you fear for yourself, now. But, farewell, I say,—you need not."

She had approached within view of the door. All his virtuous resolutions tottered to their downfall.

"Oh leave not London thus !" he cried—
"alone, unprotected, helpless."

"I mean it not, Sir ;" the distance increased between them ; he sprang after her—"or, take me with you !" he continued : "no matter what ties are broken, what principles violated, what results dared, let me share your precipitancy and your lot !"

In unmixed pride she answered, "No, Sir ! you shall violate no principles for me, you shall gain no opportunity to reproach me with the precipitancy which, even in this moment of relapsing ardour, you can so coolly calculate. Release me, Sir, and do not presume to follow."

She swept from him to the door and disappeared through it. After a moment of stupor he ran on. The carriage was already out of hearing of the cries of "stop! stop!" which he addressed to the coachman. Unconscious of the amazed and perhaps sneering observation of the garden-keeper who sat at the door, he followed in its track. But the horses went on at a gallop, and all his efforts even to keep the distance he first held from it were unavailing. He only had the consolation of observing that, after having gained the Hyde-park-corner entrance, it turned to the left, up "the Ring," and whirled townwards through Grosvenor-gate.

Arriving at home, exhausted with emotion, exertion, and want of sleep, he hurried to his chamber, and flung himself down. Nature asserted her right, and he slept profoundly.

At about one o'clock in the afternoon a servant awoke him by tapping at his door. He started up from dreamless slumber to a broken recollection of the morning, that more resembled, however, a hideous dream, or the calling back of one, than it did the realities of his existence. The servant said that a gentleman,

who had not the honour of being known to him, requested an interview on pressing business.

He hastened, with ominous though vague expectations, to the parlour, and found in it a fashionable-looking young man, whom he certainly had not before seen. The stranger bowed distantly, though politely; and, when both were seated, began, by saying that he called on the part of his friend Captain Stanhope, of whom, perhaps, Mr. Blount had heard.

“Yes,” Gerald said; “a distant relation, he believed, of—of Lady Cox;”—(gulphing down half the words,)—“and her Ladyship had slightly spoken of young Captain Stanhope to him.”

“And now, Sir,” resumed the stranger, “Captain Stanhope would, through me, speak to you of her Ladyship.” Gerald was much honoured, and all attention.

“As the business is sudden, Mr. Blount, I fear I must be abrupt. The elopement of Lady Cox has just transpired.”

“Gracious Heaven, Sir!” gasped Gerald.

“And,” continued Captain Stanhope’s friend, smiling, as if incredulously, at his ejaculation; “as it is well known that you met her Ladyship

alone, very early, this morning, in Kensington-gardens, Captain Stanhope requires an instantaneous account of her place of retreat at your hands."

Gerald protested his incompetency to supply any such account. He was amazed, distressed, thunder-struck; but he knew no more of Lady Cox's elopement, until now communicated, than of what was passing in Nova-Zembla.

"You met the lady this morning, Sir, clandestinely."

"He had certainly happened to see Lady Cox that morning, but——"

"Enough, Sir! it is now my duty to hand you this."

Gerald tore open a note and read—"Sir, supply the information required by my friend, or immediately arrange with my friend place and time, to satisfy me for your refusing to do so, or submit to be termed a dishonourable and dishonoured man.—R. Stanhope."

Gerald was in a state of excitement ready to explode in any shape. Within three hours, accompanied by his old schoolfellow, Flood, he gave Captain Stanhope the required meeting.

They fired together ; both fell. Their surgeons reported that Gerald's wound was slight, Captain Stanhope's mortal.

“Peace has been proclaimed at a monstrously convenient time for you, worthy Blount,” said Flood, “inasmuch as this little affair gives you an opportunity to see *la belle France*; and I am preposterously inclined to accompany you.”

In a stupor of emotions, Gerald, after his wound had been dressed, allowed Flood to help him into his carriage, and they were whirled, in a few minutes, towards the coast.

He had just recovered, in Paris, from a short and not very violent fever, produced more by his astonishment and anxiety on account of Lady Cox's mysterious conduct, than by his wound, when the following explanation flung him back into an illness that brought him to the verge of the grave. It is condensed from Lord Clangore's letter, and other information.

After Sir Richard Cox hurried out of Kensington-gardens, where, indeed, he had heard all that his wretched young wife had feared he had, he called upon his intimate friend young Stanhope, told him, for the first time, the his-

tory of his own dishonour, and enjoining him to watch Gerald, proceeded to follow, with his own eye, the conduct of Lady Cox. From that time Stanhope lost sight of him; but when Louisa's elopement became known among her friends, Stanhope, though at a loss to account for the husband's disappearance also, resolved himself to call Gerald to account.

But Sir Richard was fully occupied. He had ascertained, before his visit to Stanhope, that his wife and Gerald did not leave the Gardens together. He had tracked her carriage to the door of a rather obscure house near the — chapel; had seen her dismount, and go in; left one of his spies to keep watch; and not till then sought his military friend. Returning to his spy, he learned that a young gentleman, dressed in black, had, seemingly in much agitation, issued from the house with Lady Cox, handed her into her carriage, stepped after her, and that they instantly drove off, in a direction which a second spy, dispatched for the purpose, would soon ascertain.—One retrospect is here necessary. Gerald had been correct in suspecting the attentions of the young unordained preacher; he had only not gone far

enough. Taking advantage of Lady Cox's unformed state of mind and feeling, of her devotional zeal, and of her deference to his talents, and, perhaps, though it did not amount to love, of her obvious personal interest in him, Mr. Newbury, indulging the impulses of a violent attachment, with which at a glance she had inspired him, found opportunity to insinuate, in his mixed love of God and of his neighbour's wife, that, situated as she was, in the power of the bad and wicked man her husband, she could do nothing better calculated to promote the general good, her own earthly and future happiness, and, withal, the happiness of a loving brother, than to forsake the tyrant and tempter, who at once treated her cruelly, and might, at a future re-union, peril, by bad example, her immortal soul. But, rejecting at the time his eloquent and specious doctrine, Lady Cox afterwards entertained little partiality for the handsome young apostle, until, in a moment of frenzied fear of her husband, and of womanly indignation against Gerald, he occurred to her as her only present means of personal protection, and of the revenge she had promised Gerald to take, and which; by thus rushing from his arms to the arms of

another, she believed must be fully acknowledged in the bitterness of his mortification.

Sir Richard, though petrified at her sudden changing of lovers, lost not an instant in pursuing her. It was enough for him that his wife had dishonoured him ; with whom, or why with this strange gallant instead of Gerald, though a question of great interest, he did not, in his present mood, care or condescend to debate.

It formed no part of his terrible plan to overtake them on the road. As they halted, therefore, he halted ; until, about four o'clock of a sunny day in May, he saw them put up at a hotel in Rye. Half an hour after, he dogged them to a ready-furnished solitary house in the suburbs of the town, upon which was the placard "To Let." He saw them go in, and Newbury returned alone to the hotel, but soon came back, superintending some luggage.

Sir Richard, cursing the slow approach of night, still kept his eye fixed on the solitary house. At last the evening fell, and the windows of their sitting-room glowed with candle-light ; the linen blinds only had been drawn down. The shadows of their figures, passing

backward and forward in the apartment, closely united, were caught on the blind. Sir Richard walked rapidly, but cautiously, to the kitchen, or back-door.

He feared to have found it locked, so that he must have tapped, or made some noise, which it was not his object to do. But, gently raising a latch, he crossed the threshold and presented himself before the only attendant yet established in the house, Lady Cox's own maid.

“Not a word, or you die!” he said in a fierce whisper, drawing a pistol. She fell senseless without screaming. He observed if the windows of a small back-kitchen were barred, and ascertaining that they were, he lifted her into the place; locked the door; sat down to a table; took out a paper that afterwards was found to contain an account of his proceedings, continued from day to day since he arrived in London; added to it, in pencil, a statement of the last circumstances here described, together with an avowal of what he yet resolved to do: folded it and put it in his bosom; drew forth a second pistol, and snatching the servant's candle, stept softly up-stairs.

He found the door of the sitting-room bolted against him ; perhaps they had heard his creeping footsteps, and secured it in terror. The crash of bursting it open recalled the girl below to her senses. She listened. Piercing screams succeeded. Then a shot ; a pause ; and then another shot.

She could tell no more. But those who released her in the morning from her fearful imprisonment, learned, upon proceeding to search the house, the sequel of the story. Upon the middle of the floor lay Sir Richard Cox, dead and cold. At one side, near a sofa, were stretched Newbury and Lady Cox, bound together with her own sash and shawl. At first the people thought that they, too, were both dead. But, to their horror, Lady Cox moved her head sideways, when she heard their approach, and fixing her large dark eyes on them, smiled. Her companion was, indeed, lifeless and stiff ; she was only mad : her husband had offered her no personal injury ; but, having shot her paramour through the heart, he bound her to the body, placed its arms round her neck, and demoniacally refining his revenge, preferred

to let her live, that she might see him die too, and then pass the night in the situation in which the people found her, and afterwards remember it if she could.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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